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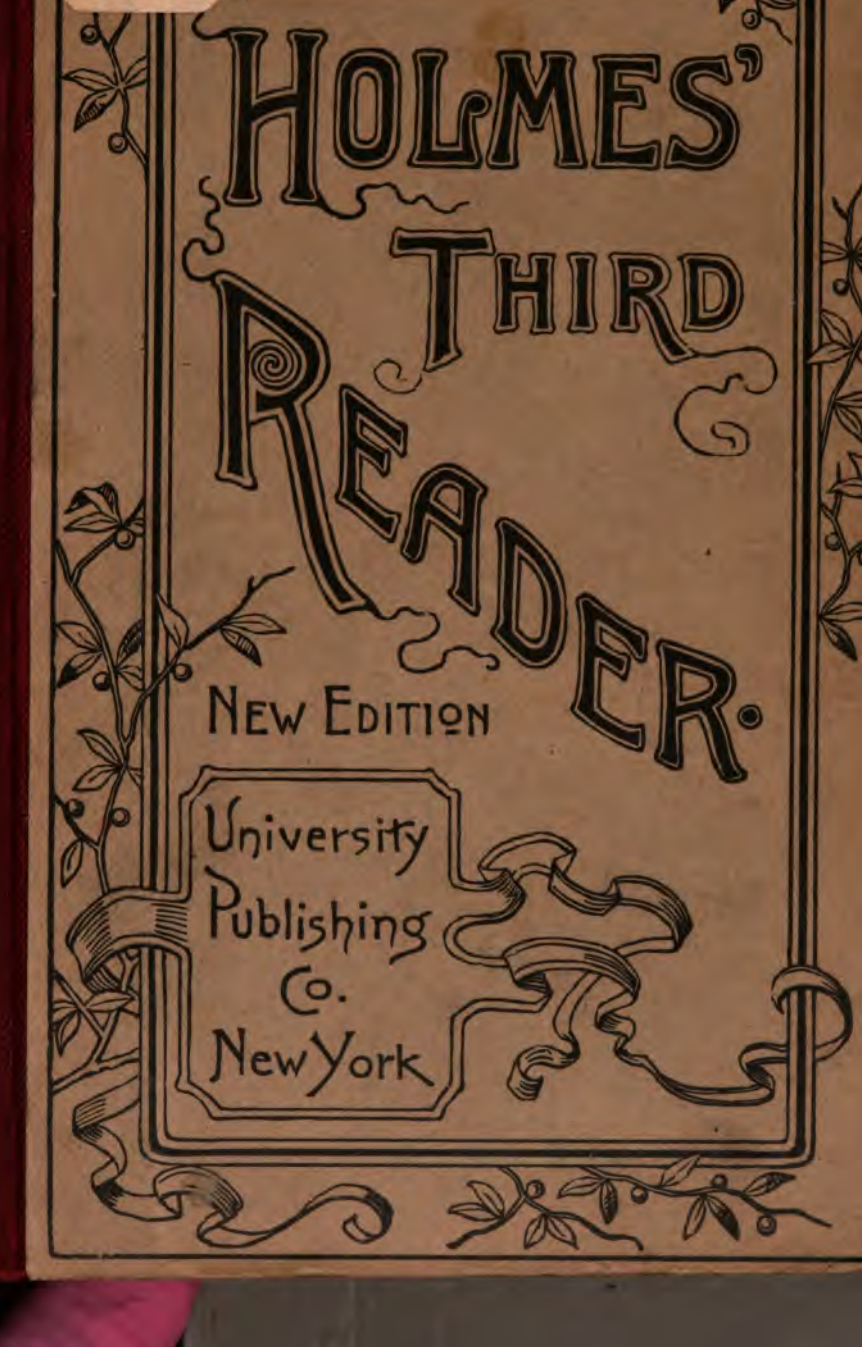
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HOLMES' THIRD READER.

NEW EDITION



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New York

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HOLMES'

THIRD READER

NEW EDITION



BY

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UNIVERSITY OF VIRGINIA

L. W. ANDERSON

ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL, BOSTON

NEW YORK
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PREFACE.

IN offering the Third Reader to the public, the editors ask attention to certain points which they trust will commend the book to the approval of those who may examine it.

Most of the prose lessons have been prepared expressly for this Reader by writers of note who have ample acquaintance with the capabilities and requirements of the minds of children. Hence it is felt that the matter of the book is sure to awaken a hearty interest, without which good reading is an impossibility.

The style is simple—always easy, but never careless. The narrative and conversational forms have been employed in preference to the descriptive, as being better adapted to the intelligence of children.

The illustrations have been designed and engraved by some of the ablest artists in the country.

The great ends of reading are (1) to acquaint the pupil with language and (2) to give him facility in the correct use of it. Hence appropriate language exercises have been introduced. The pronunciation of new words has been carefully indicated, and the most difficult ones have been defined.

Models have been supplied for teaching the elements of word-building. When the pupil has thus been put in possession of new words, he is gradually trained in their use. He is required to state, or to write in language of his own, the substance of what he has read. He is thus led forward by steps of easy gradation in the art of expression and composition.

Script models have been introduced to serve as copy and to familiarize the pupils with the reading of written language.

The editors beg to express their grateful acknowledgments to several friends of educational experience and critical skill for valuable suggestions. Special thanks are due to Miss E. M. Reed, late Principal of the New Haven Training School, for important assistance in the preparation of the work.

Acknowledgments are also due to the publishers of "Our Little Ones" and "St. Nicholas" for permission to use several selections from their copyright matter.

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TO THE TEACHER.

ONE great aim of a reading exercise should be to make the pupils familiar with new words and forms of expression.

The new words at the head of each lesson should receive attention before the lesson is read. Let their pronunciation and form be acquired. Then the teacher may illustrate the meaning of the more difficult ones by using them in simple sentences.

To secure clearness of articulation frequent use of the drill exercises is recommended. Some knowledge of emphasis and inflection is always helpful in bringing out the meaning of what is read. Exercises for practice will be found in the introductory pages.

Nothing is better calculated to impress upon the memory what has been read than to talk about it. For this reason questions have been appended to the reading lessons. They are intended to lead the pupil to state the salient points of the lesson, and are so arranged that the answers will form a connected story. In addition to their employment in the class, the teacher may find it convenient to require pupils to write answers to these questions at their desks.

The language exercises are specially designed to aid in giving pupils a correct understanding of words and their uses. A great point will be gained if the mind of the child be trained to appreciate the force of the common prefixes and suffixes.

Few points call for more patient care on the part of teachers than those of neatness and accuracy in the mechanical work of written exercises. Directions are given as to the employment of capitals and the use of punctuation marks.

VOWEL CHART.

ā	as in	āte.		ī	as in	gīrl.
ă	“ “	ăt.		ō	“ “	ōld.
ā	“ “	ārm.		ö	“ “	ön.
ä	“ “	äll.		ū	“ “	ūse.
â	“ “	âsk.		ŭ	“ “	cŭp.
â	“ “	câre.		û	“ “	fâr.
ē	“ “	hē.		ōō	“ “	tōō.
ē	“ “	lēt.		öö	“ “	lōök.
ī	“ “	īce.		oi	“ “	oil.
ī	“ “	īn.		ou	“ “	out.

EQUIVALENTS.

ą	like	ö,	as in	was.		ų	like	öö,	as in	put.
é	“	â	“	where.		ȳ	“	ī	“	fly.
ē	“	ā	“	eight.		ȳ	“	ī	“	baby.
ę	“	ōō	“	do.		oy	“	oi	“	boy.
ó	“	ŭ	“	done.		ow	“	ou	“	owl.
ó	“	ą	“	for.		ew	“	ōō	“	drew.
ų	“	ōō	“	rule.		ew	“	ū	“	dew.

ē, ö, and ī like û as in hēr, wōrk, gīrl.

A line drawn through a letter, thus, ę, marks it silent.

CONSONANT CHART.

b	as in	bat.	s	as in ,	sent.
d	" "	did.	s	" "	sure.
f	" "	fox.	t	" "	tin.
ġ	" "	ġet.	v	" "	vine.
j	" "	joke.	w	" "	wine.
k	" "	kite.	x	" "	fox.
l	" "	lane.	y	" "	yoke.
m	" "	mat.	ch	" "	chair.
n	" "	nail.	th	" "	thin.
ng	" "	king.	th	" "	thine.
p	" "	pail.	sh	" "	shine.
r	" "	rap.	z	" "	zero.

EQUIVALENTS.

e like k	as in	eat.	gh like f	as in	laugh.
eh " k	" "	chord.	ŋ " ng	" "	rank.
ç " s	" "	çent.	q " kw	" "	queen.
d " t	" "	walked.	ſ " z	" "	roſe.
ġ " j	" "	ġem.	x " gz	" "	exist.

wh like hw as in while.

EXERCISES IN ARTICULATION.

1. play, plea, prey, preach ; blame, bloom, brave, bruise ; veil, veal, vie, voice ; flail, flee, frame, free.

2. they, these, thine, though, thank, think, thrill, throng ; hair, hat, hard, head ; where, whirl, whoa, when.

3. tray, tree, try, trap ; drape, dress, drill, droll ; say, cease, space, speed, slate, sleep, scan, scheme.

4. small, smile, snare, sneer, stare, steer, swift, sweep ; shall, shell, shrill, shrink ; zeal, zest, zinc, zone.

5. church, chime, charm, churn ; jar, joy, judge, just ; climb, close, crime, crow ; glide, glow, grime, groom.

6. ye, yea, year, you ; ray, ream, rhyme, roam ; wisp, wasp, wise, we.

7. grasp, grasps, grasped, help, helps, helped, topple, topples, toppled, curb, curbs, curbed, trouble, troubles, troubled.

8. grieve, grieves, grieved, revolve, revolves, revolved, laugh, laughs, laughed, gulf, gulfs.

9. bathe, bathes, bathed, breath, breaths, breadth, breadths, length, lengths, depth, depths.

10. melt, melts, lift, lifts, dent, dents, hurt, hurts, burst, bursts, act, acts.

11. hold, holds, bend, bends ; push, pushed, rush, rushed ; march, marched, touch, touched.

12. vision, derision, work, works, worked, wrong, wrongs, wronged, reas'n, reas'ns, reas'n'd.

E M P H A S I S .

To emphasize a word means to utter it with greater force of voice than the other words of the sentence. By emphasis we mark the important words of a sentence and render the reading forcible and clear.

The emphatic words are in *italics*.

Did *John* give you the slate ? No, *Albert* did.

O *mother*, how pretty the *moon* looks to-night !

Bananas grow in *hot* countries, and not in *cold*.

I never saw *kittens* do *that* before.

The owl is *wide-awake* at *night* ; during the *day* he is *quiet*.

Nonsense ! a stout boy like *you* talking about the *cold*.

By simply changing the emphasis we may entirely change the meaning of a sentence.

I did not see Mary, but *Jane* saw her.

I did not *see* Mary, but I *heard* her.

I did not see *Mary*, but I saw *Robert*.

There *were* peach trees in the orchard.

There were *peach* trees in the orchard.

There were peach trees in the *orchard*.

INFLECTION.

Inflection is the sliding of the voice, either upward or downward in reading or talking. There are two inflections, the rising inflection, and the falling inflection.

The rising inflection, marked thus (/), is an upward slide of the voice. The falling inflection, marked thus (\), is a downward slide of the voice.

RISING INFLECTION.

Are the peaches ripe ?
 Did he say he would come ?
 Are you going to school ?
 Isn't God upon the ocean,
 Just the same as on the land ?

FALLING INFLECTION.

The peaches are not ripe.
 He did not say he would come.
 How noisy the boys are in the street.
 It is the sun that shines so bright.
 How slow you are ! Do be quick !

RISING AND FALLING INFLECTIONS.

Is James in, or is he out ?
 Did he go by the road, or by the fields ?
 Have you learned your lesson ? Yes, I have.
 Is it black, or white ?
 I ran all the way there, and all the way back.
 I will go with you, but I cannot stay.

P H R A S E S .

Sentences usually have two or more groups of words, each of which expresses an idea. Such a group of words is a phrase. Each phrase adds something to the meaning of the whole sentence, and in reading aloud the sense is always rendered clearer by making a slight pause after each phrase.

In the following sentences the phrases are separated from each other by a short vertical line. Read the sentences, separating the phrases by a short pause.

I have heard | that the worms | there | walk into one's mouth | as soon as one opens it | and that they have besides | a very fine flavor.

In a few minutes | they heard a rushing sound | overhead | and looking up, saw | a flock of great birds | with necks outstretched | and wings spread wide | flying low over the beach.

The six birds saw | that the crane's back was covered | with small birds, all huddled together | and holding on with beaks and claws.

The six fat, fluffy friends were soon seated | on his back, with a dozen or more little fellows | about their own size | all bound for the coast of Africa.

Now, part of this story may be true | for cranes really do carry | hundreds and hundreds of small birds | over the Mediterranean Sea | every year.

But whether the African worms walk into birds' mouths | of their own accord | or not | is quite another matter ; and, if I were you, I would not believe it | until I saw it.

PUNCTUATION.

The *Period* (.) is used at the end of statements, or commands ; as, This is right. Go, sir.

The period is also used after an abbreviation.

The *Interrogation Point* (?) is placed at the end of a sentence that asks a question ; as, How many days are there in July ?

The *Exclamation Point* (!) is put after a sentence or a word that expresses surprise, or some other strong feeling ; as, Hurrah ! Away we go ! Oh. how I suffer !

The *Comma* (,) *semicolon* (;) and *colon* (:) are used to separate the parts of a sentence ; as, Some things we cannot do : we can walk, but, we cannot fly.

The *Dash* (—) is used to mark a sudden stop and change in thought ; as, He said—but I won't tell you what he said.

The *Hyphen* (-) is used between the parts of a compound word : as, to-day, school-house ; and also at the end of a line when a word is divided.

The *Apostrophe* (') is used to show that one or more letters have been omitted from a word ; as, *I'm* for I am. It is also used to indicate ownership or possession ; as, John's slate.

Quotation marks (" ") are used to enclose the words of another : "Come," said my father, "it is time to go home."

The *Parenthesis* () is used to enclose a word or words intended for explanation ; as, Susan Dale (Mary's sister) is at home.

READING LESSONS.

LESSON I.

pôr'cu pine
ün der ständ'
wëll'-bē hāved'

gnaw
quills
crēat'ūres
brist'ling

strān'gest
crouch
nes'tled
chēst'nut



Tabby and her Strange Babies.

1. "How are your new kittens, Madame Tabby?" asked the neighbor's cat, as she walked along on the

top of the fence. "I was glad to hear of your having another family. I hope these will be as fine kittens as the four that you lost."

2. Madame Tabby shook her head. "You may come and look at them, Neighbor Spotnose," she said, sadly. "I don't know what to think of them. They are not like my other kittens."

3. Mrs. Spotnose jumped down from the fence and took a good look at the kittens.

"Humph!" she said, "they look more like pigs than kittens, but their noses are like rats' noses."

4. "Yes, indeed!" cried poor Tabby. "Their eyes are like pigs' eyes, but, as you say, they have rats' noses. But, oh dear! that isn't the strangest thing about them. Just give that one a pat, Mrs. Spotnose, a sharp pat, that will wake him up."

5. Mrs. Spotnose gave the pat, but the next moment drew back with a "Meow!" for the "kitten," at her first touch, had rolled itself into a ball, bristling all over with sharp points like the prickles of a chestnut burr.

6. "Oh!" cried Mrs. Spotnose, "the horrid little thing, what is the matter with its fur?"

7. "It hasn't any fur!" said the unhappy Tabby, almost weeping. "None of them have. They have nothing but sharp, hard quills, and

some coarse, stiff hair on their heads and necks. I have nearly worn out my tongue in trying to lick them clean."

8. "I wouldn't do that, if I were you," said the other. "For my part, I don't like to stay where they are. Good-morning, my dear!"

9. Mrs. Spotnose walked away, leaving poor Tabby alone with the three queer little creatures. They nestled close to her, and seemed to be as fond of her as if they had been her own soft, smooth, purring kittens.

10. But they were not kittens at all. They were young porcupines that had lost their own prickly mamma. Tabby had lost her kittens, and the porcupines had been given to her instead.

11. As her new babies grew, she took them into the barn, and gave them some lessons in catching rats and mice.

12. "Look, my dears!" she would say, "I crouch down, so! and keep very still, all but the tip of my tail, which waves gently from side to side, as you see. There—hark! Do you hear that noise? That is a mouse. Pounce! Here I have him, safe in my claws. You see how easy it is. Now you may have the mouse for your dinner."

13. But the little porcupines would not eat the mouse; and, what was more, they would not try to

catch one for themselves. Instead, they walked off to the woodpile, and began to gnaw the bark off the logs with their sharp, strong teeth.

14. "Dear me!" said Tabby, "how strangely they act! I never saw kittens do that before." And she soon gave up the lessons in mouse-catching.

15. The porcupines liked to eat bark and leaves and fruit. Poor Tabby would ask them, "How can you eat such things, children? I am sure none of my family ever did so before."

16. At last, when the young porcupines had grown quite big, they made up their minds to leave Mother Tabby. So one night they all went off.

17. With their sharp noses they dug holes in the ground, and lived in them, and were a great deal happier than ever before.

18. Tabby, for her part, was really glad they were gone. "They never would have made well-behaved cats," she said.

What were given to Tabby when she lost her own kittens?

How did the new babies look?

What did they think was better than mouse-dinners?

What did they do when they grew big?

Describe the picture.

Answers to questions, whether oral or written, should be given in complete sentences.

LESSON II.

chín'ca pin

bough

load'ed

stooped

něck'lages

brace'lets

thread

nee'dles

& corns



Chincapin Time.

1. "Chincapin time! chincapin time!" shouted Phil, popping his head in at the door where Betty,

his sister, was dressing her doll. "Come, Betty, come! I have just been to the woods, and the nuts are quite ripe."

2. Up jumped Betty, and the two children, each with basket in hand, ran to the woods where the chincapins grew.

3. These pretty little nuts grow on bushes which are sometimes twice as tall as a man. The bushes stand close together and are covered with glossy green leaves. They look very much like little oak trees.

4. The nuts are like little acorns. They grow as chestnuts do, in prickly burrs, which burst open when the frost comes. But in a chestnut burr there are usually three nuts; while there is only one chincapin in each burr.

5. It was now the fall of the year, and the bushes were loaded with hundreds and hundreds of nuts, all snug in their prickly nests.

6. Phil beat the bushes with a stick. Off came the burrs, some rolling here and there on the ground, and some bump, thump, on Betty's head, as she stooped to look for the nuts. That was great fun. Both Phil and Betty thought so.

7. Then the two, with stout sticks, thrashed the burrs, until they opened and showed the glossy dark-brown nuts within. The baskets were soon filled, and the children ran home in high glee.

8. "Oh, Aunt Lucy!" they cried, "please boil our chincapins; we want to string them, and make necklaces and bracelets of them."

9. So Aunt Lucy boiled the nuts, and the children brought needles and thread to string them. They made necklaces long enough to reach to the ground, bracelets that would go two or three times round their wrists, and a coronet for Aunt Lucy.

10. After the necklaces and coronet were made, the children played "Jack in the bush" with the rest of the nuts.

11. Phil held some in his hand and Betty guessed how many he had. If she guessed right she won the chincapins. If she was wrong she had to give some to Phil.

12. Phil and Betty were not the only ones that gathered the chincapins. Every day squirrels might be seen hopping from bough to bough and picking the nuts, or making a merry meal of them.



13. In the South, where chincapins grow, they often gather them to eat, but the children like best to play games with them, as Phil and Betty did.

acorn, seed of the oak tree.

Where do chincapins grow ?

What are they like ?

What did the children do with their chincapins ?



LESSON III.

chi'ná	bowl	whipped
pūn'ished	pār'lor	blamed
cow'ard	displeased'	gēn'er ally

The Broken Bowl.

1. Howard was generally a good boy, and he tried to be a brave one; but he was a coward about one thing. He was not afraid of the dark, but he was afraid of being punished. If he did anything wrong, he did not tell it, but waited to be found out.

2. Howard's mother had a beautiful blue china bowl which cost a great deal of money. It stood on a table in the parlor.

3. One day, while his mother was out, Howard

was in the parlor playing with his ball. He should not have been playing there, and he knew it. But he thought that nothing would happen.

4. Something did happen. He tossed up his ball, and it fell into the bowl and broke it to pieces. Howard was frightened, and ran out of the room, without stopping to shut the door.



5. He played in the yard, and tried to forget what he had done, but he could not. He knew that he ought to tell his mother as soon as she came home; but he was afraid, for he knew that she would be displeased. Pretty soon he went into the house.

6. Howard had a big dog, named Nero, that was very fond of him, and would let no one harm him. Nero liked to lie on the soft parlor carpet, and so

when Howard ran out, and left the door open, the dog went in and lay down.

7. After a while Howard's mother came home and found Nero in the room. She saw her bowl broken to pieces, and thought, of course, that he had broken it.

8. "Oh, you bad dog," she said; "I must whip you for this!"

She went into the hall for a little whip that was there. Howard stood by the door.

9. "What are you going to do, mamma?" he asked.

"I am going to whip Nero," she said. "He has broken my bowl."

10. Howard followed his mother into the parlor. Nero looked very sad when he saw the whip. Howard could not bear to let Nero be whipped.

"Don't, mamma," he said, catching her hand. "Nero did not do it. I did."

11. Howard had to stay all day in his room, and had nothing but bread and water for dinner and supper. But for all that, he was very glad that he did not let Nero be punished.

12. After this Howard was a braver boy than before. If he happened to break anything, he went to his mother and told her what he had done. He was afraid that some one else might be blamed.

•

LESSON IV.

rŭn'ning	mĕd'dle	sĭt'ting	hŭsh
un,lĕss'	sŏr'rŏw	jŭ'nĭ per	lŏse

The Brown Thrush.

There's a merry brown thrush sitting up in a
tree;

He's singing to me! he's singing to me!

And what does he say, little girl, little boy?

"Oh, the world's running over with joy!

Don't you hear? don't you see?

Hush! look! In my tree

I'm as happy as happy can be!"

And the brown thrush keeps singing, "A nest do
you see,

And five eggs hid by me in the juniper tree?

Don't meddle! don't touch! little girl, little boy,

Or the world will lose some of its joy!

Now I'm glad! now I'm free!

And I always shall be,

If you never bring sorrow to me."

So the merry brown thrush sings away in the tree,

To you and to me, to you and to me;

And he sings all the day, little girl, little boy,

“Oh, the world’s running over with joy !
 But long it won’t be,
 Don’t you know ? don’t you see ?
 Unless we are as good as can be.”

Find the line in the poem that you think explains *why*
 the thrush is “as happy as happy can be.”

Learn by heart the last stanza.

Write the two words for which *world’s* stands.



LESSON V.

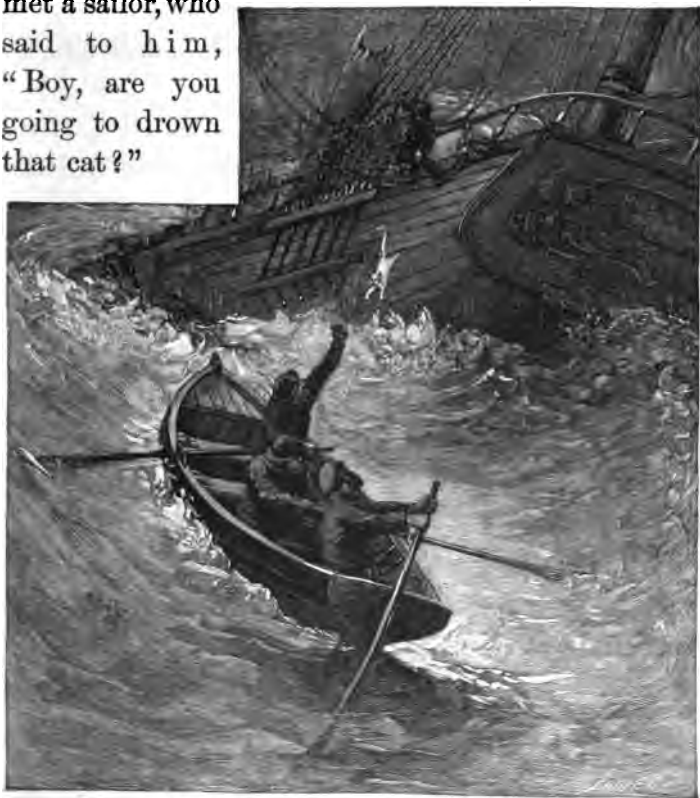
būt tənəd	döcks	crew
Vic to'ri ä	sail'or	broth'er
ship'wreckəd	Liv'er pööl	pört
stēam'ship	Chi'nēse	sēiz'ing

The Cat that Went to Sea.

1. Betty Coe was a very good cat, but she was cat number three in the Coe family, and one day Mrs. Coe said, “We have too many cats. Something must be done with Betty.”

2. All that day, Abbie Coe tried to think of a way to save Betty. At night she told her trouble to her brother Will, who said, “Don’t you mind one bit more about that, I will find a home for Betty. I’ll do it to-morrow.”

3. The next morning Will took Betty Coe in his arms and carried her to the Liverpool docks, where a number of ships were loading. There he met a sailor, who said to him, "Boy, are you going to drown that cat?"



4. "No, indeed!" said Will. "I am looking for a new home for Betty. We have one cat too many. Don't you want her? She is a very good pussy."

5. The sailor had a good, kind face. He said he would take Betty, and let her live with him on the "Mars," a big ship just ready to sail, and that Will had better carry her on board and say good-by to her. So Will took pussy on the ship, and left her with her new friend.

6. The ship went to sea, and soon Betty Coe was one of the happiest cats alive. Not a foot on board was ever raised to kick her, and not a voice said one single "s-c-a-t" to her. Ben Doone, the sailor, was very fond of Betty and gave her the name of the ship, so that she became Betty Coe Mars.

7. All went well until, one day, there came a great storm, and when the ship was about to sink, Ben Doone opened the cabin door and called, "Betty! Betty!" Betty came quickly, and he caught her in his arms, tossed her over the ship's side to the men in a small boat, and leaped in himself. Then, seizing their oars, the men rowed from the sinking ship as fast as they could.

8. All that day and all the next night the little boat tossed on the ocean; but, when light came again, it was seen by the steamship "Victoria," which stopped and took in the shipwrecked crew. Betty was saved, too, for she went up the ship's side buttoned inside Ben Doone's great-coat.

9. One morning Abbie read in the paper how

the "Mars" had been lost, and the crew, with Betty, had been saved. Will hurried down to the dock where the steamer was lying, and went on board. He found Betty and took her home, and kept her until Ben Doone should sail again.

10. At the end of a week Betty sailed once more, and the latest news about her is that she was seen at a port in China, peeping out of a small round window in a ship's side, and mewing at a little Chinese cat.

on board, on the ship.

port, a place for ships to anchor.

seizing, taking hold of quickly.

docks, places for ships to load and unload.

What did Will do for Betty ?

How did the sailors treat her ?

Write the story of the wreck of the "Mars" and tell how Betty was saved.

USE OF CAPITAL LETTERS.—*Begin every distinct sentence with a capital letter.*

Look carefully through your story of the shipwreck to see if you have followed this rule.

Commit to memory.

To think kindly is good, to speak kindly is better, but to act kindly is best of all.

LESSON VI.

fair'y	bloomed	fragrant
sighed	pill'low	float'ed
spied	fold'ed	wheth'er
breath	wakened	entered

The Fairy in the Pink.

1. Just after the rosy day peeped over the hills a lovely pink bloomed in the garden.

2. Its sweet breath floated away on the air, and wakened a fairy who was sleeping under a blade of grass. The little lady sprang up.

3. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "it is too late to go home to-day!" And she flew swiftly to the pink and nestled in its fragrant leaves.

4. By and by, little Helen came down the garden path, and spied the blushing pink. She ran to it, and, stooping down, she cried, "You darling pretty flower!" and kissed it.

5. Then the fairy raised her tiny head and kissed Helen on the lips.

6. Helen did not see the fairy, but her heart became so glad that she folded her soft hands over the pink and said, "You have made me so happy that you shall be my own."

7. She picked the pink with the fairy still nestled among its rosy leaves.

8. "Oh, mamma," she cried, as she saw her mother coming into the garden, "I have found such a lovely flower! Isn't it pretty? And how sweet it smells!"

9. "It is sweet, Helen," answered her mother; "see whether you can be as sweet all day long as your beautiful flower. But come now with me. I am going to carry some oranges and jelly to poor sick Flora. You may bring your pink with you and show it to her."

10. They went to the room in which little Flora lay upon her bed. Her face was thin, and as white, almost, as the pillow.

11. She smiled when Helen and her mother entered, and her eyes grew bright as she saw the jelly and the oranges. But when little Helen came to her side, she reached out her hand for the flower.

12. Then Helen held the pink to Flora's hot lips, and the little fairy crept slyly out and kissed them.

"Keep it," whispered Helen, softly; "it makes your eyes look so bright."

13. Flora clasped the flower in her fingers, and pressed it again to her lips. Then a sweet smile swept over her face as she sighed, "How glad it makes me!"

14. "Yes," replied Helen's mamma, "you look as if you would soon get well now." And the fairy

under the fragrant leaves of the pink laughed.
Her name was Heart's Content.

"What a happy day!" said little Helen.

bloomed, blossomed.

blushing, having a reddish color.

spied, saw at a distance.



LESSON VII.

blāz'ing

fiērce

cārv'ing

prēs'ent ly

thiēf

cūp'bōard

pūr'ring

kitch'en

rāt'tle

rāc cōon'

hūggad

oys'ter

swamp

snātchad

joūr ney

Pronounce *cupboard*, kūb'urd.

The Tame Raccoon.

1. Bessie had left her own home in the morning, and after a long day's journey had reached grandpa's. She was sitting in a little chair, before the blazing wood fire, eating an apple. Presently she heard a soft, purring sound beside her.

2. "Oh, Kittie!" she said, expecting to see her old friend, the white cat. But instead of the cat, she saw a strange little creature standing on its hind

legs beside her chair. "Oh!" cried Bessie, at the top of her voice.

3. "What is the matter?" asked grandma. Bessie pointed to the funny little animal near her. "That is a raccoon," said grandma, laughing. "Don't be



afraid of him. He is tame. We call him 'Coonie.' Give him some of your apple."

4. Bessie held out a piece of her apple. Coonie took it in his paws, and sat up on his hind legs until he had eaten it. He then jumped into Bessie's lap, purring softly while she smoothed his soft, dark fur.

5. "Where did you get him, grandma?" she asked.

"Grandpa found him one day asleep in the swamp, when he was only a baby."

6. "What pretty fur he has!"

"Yes," said grandma, "Coonie is quite handsome. Some of his brothers and sisters have gray fur."

7. "Will he bite, grandma?"

"No; Coonie is kind and gentle, but wild raccoons are fierce."

8. "What does he eat, grandma?"

"He is fond of green corn and sugar-cane, Bessie, and if you give him an oyster, you will see how nicely he will open the shell."

9. Coonie was a great thief. One day Bessie saw him backing down the steps of the kitchen porch, with a loaf of bread hugged up to his breast. He had climbed on a chair and snatched it from the table. Another time she saw him carrying off a large carving-knife.

10. One day she found him standing on his hind legs before the cupboard in which the milk was kept. He was just turning the button on the door with his naughty black paws. In a moment more he would have had a good drink of milk.

11. Coonie had one very good habit. Before coming into the house he always licked his paws.

clean. Then he would shake his head and rattle the little bell which hung from his neck. This was his way of saying, "Let me in, please!"

12. In the evening Coonie would curl himself up in a little black heap under grandpa's chair, and there he would lie purring, until he was put to bed in his box in the woodshed.

journey, travel.

presently, very soon.

fierce, savage.

swamp, wet, spongy land.

oyster, a shellfish.

Answer the questions in complete sentences.

What did Bessie see when she looked round expecting to find the cat?

What did she give Coonie?

Tell how he ate the apple.

What was he fond of eating?

Describe his mischievous tricks.

What good habit had he?

Copy the following:

The raccoon looks like a small fox.

He lives near swamps, rivers, or the seashore.

He can climb like a squirrel.

The raccoon likes oysters, poultry, and grain.

He is fond of glittering things, and will carry off silver and jewelry.

LESSON VIII.

plān	be cāme'	a greed	hāwk
wī'ger	croakēd	floāt'ed	brēath

The Mouse, the Frog, and the Hawk.

1. A frog and a mouse met one another by chance, and became friends. The frog said, "My dear Mr. Mouse, come home with me. I should like to show you what beautiful things I have in my pond. Of course you can swim."

"Not well," said the mouse.

2. "Oh, never mind that," said the frog. "I will tie your foot to my foot, with this little string, and then I can pull you along."

3. The mouse agreed, and off they went. The frog was older than the mouse and a good deal wiser. He knew that his plan would not work well for the mouse.

4. But he thought that it would be grand fun for himself. So, when they came to the pond he tied one foot of the mouse to his leg, and then leaped into the pond.

5. He darted about through the water, now this way, now that, and croaked at the top of his voice: "It's fine fun, Mr. Mouse, is it not?"

6. Poor Mousie had no time to get a full breath,

and in a few minutes was drowned. His body floated on the water, still tied by the foot to the frog.

7. Just then a hawk came flying over the pond. He saw the body of the mouse on the water. Catching it up in his claws he flew away to the woods to eat it. But he carried the frog with him, too.

8. "Stop, stop!" said the frog. "Let me go. It's the mouse that you want."

"I flew down for the mouse, it is true," said the hawk; "but I like frog much better; so I shall eat you first."

9. In a very short time the hawk had eaten both frog and mouse; and thus the frog paid with his life for the cruel trick which he had played upon the mouse.

MORAL: Those who play tricks upon others often get into trouble themselves.

plan, device.

agreed, consented.

croaked, made a hoarse noise. *floats*, rested on the surface.

USE OF CAPITAL LETTERS.—*Begin the names of persons and places with capital letters.*

Fill the blanks in these sentences, and remember the rule.

My name is _____

My papa's name is _____

We live in _____, on _____ street.

LESSON IX.

wise
scarce

qir'cles
vent'ure (-yar)

hang'ing
glanced

The Wise Flies.

1. A hungry spider made a web
 Of thread so very fine,
 Your tiny fingers scarce could feel
 The slender little line.
 Round about and round about,
 And round about it spun;
 Straight across and back again,
 Until the web was done.
2. Oh, what a pretty, shining web
 It was when it was done!
 The little flies all came to see
 It hanging in the sun.
 Round about and round about,
 And round about they danced;
 Across the web and back again,
 They darted and they glanced.
3. The hungry spider sat and watched
 The happy little flies.
 It saw all round about its head,
 It had so many eyes.

Round about and round about,
And round about they go ;
Across the web and back again,
Now high above, now low.

4. "I am getting very hungry,"
Said the spider to a fly ;
"If you would come into my house,
We'd have dinner, you and I."
But round about and round about,
And round about once more ;
Across the web and back again,
All flitted as before.

5. You see, the flies were much too wise
To venture near the spider ;
They flapped their little wings and flew
In circles rather wider.
Round about and round about,
And round about went they ;
Across the web and back again,
And then they flew away.

venture, dare to go.

glanced, moved quickly.

Write the story of the poem. Tell how a spider makes its web.

LESSON X.

cōast'ing

sēlf'ish

wōn'der

rē mēm'bered

mīs'er a ble

joinēd

īm āg'ine

mēnd'ed

frō'zen

Do-as-you-please Land.

1. "Mamma," said Harry, "may I go coasting?"

"Yes, Harry, as soon as you have dug the snow out of the paths."

2. "Oh, dear!" said Harry, as he looked impatiently out of the window. "I have always to be digging snow or doing something. I wish the snow would never come; or—no, I wish it would come on the hill and not down town."

3. "No, that wouldn't do; for then we shouldn't have any battles with snow-balls at school. But I do think boys have very hard times, mamma. They always have to be doing things for other people."

4. "Do you think boys have to do more for others than is done for them?" asked his mother, smiling.

5. "Yes, indeed, mamma. There are paths to dig, and wood to pile, and errands to run—always something for boys to do. I wish there was a 'Do-as-you-please Land.'"

6. "I think it should be called 'Selfish Land,' if you mean a land where each one pleased only himself. How would you like it if no one were willing



to do anything for you, and you had to do everything for yourself?"

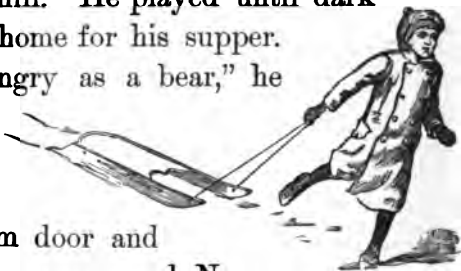
"I'd like it if I didn't have to do anything for anybody."

7. "Well, then, you may imagine that you are in

‘Do-as-you-please Land.’ But remember, no one is to do anything for you.”

8. “Hurrah!” shouted Harry, jumping up in delight. “I only want coasting, and I can get that myself!” Away he ran for his sled, and joined the boys on the hill. He played until dark and then hurried home for his supper.

9. “I’m as hungry as a bear,” he cried, rushing into the house. But he stopped at the dining-room door and stared. Supper was over and Nora was taking away the dishes.



10. “Oh! Why didn’t some one call me to supper?” said Harry.

Just then his mother’s words came into his mind. And so without asking for anything he helped himself to what he could find; and a cold and lonely supper he had.

11. “Where’s my chair and where’s my plate?” he asked, as he went to the breakfast table.

Then he remembered that nobody was to do anything for him; so he brought a plate for himself. No one passed him anything, and he had a miserable breakfast.

12. How he missed his mother’s kindly care!

She had always helped him to get ready for school. But now his mittens lay frozen in the shed. A hole in his overcoat was not mended. His slate could not be found, and there was nothing at all to eat in his lunch-box.

13. Poor Harry! tears were in his eyes, as he hurried away to school. He thought the matter all over during the day, and began to wonder if, after all, boys did any more for their mothers than their mothers did for them.

14. He kept on thinking about it as he walked home from school. At last he said to himself, "I do believe that I am a selfish boy, and perhaps mamma thinks so, too. But I know what I'll do the minute I get home. Mamma shall soon find out that I can be something else when I try."

15. As soon as he reached home, he ran to his mother and said, "Dear mamma, do you want a boy to dig snow, and pile wood, and run errands? I've just got back from 'Do-as-you-please Land.' I want to please other people, and I should like to have them to try to please me."

16. "Yes, I want a boy very much, and I should like to have my own boy Harry better than any other."

"Well, I'm the boy for you, mamma! I'm tired of living in 'Do-as-you-please Land.' I found very soon that it wasn't a happy land to live in."

17. "You have found out something well worth knowing, Harry, and I hope you will always remember that a selfish boy can never be truly happy."

wonder, think with surprise.

remembered, called to mind.

imagine, suppose.

miserable, comfortless.

Write a story about Do-as-you-please Land.

THE NAMES OF THE MONTHS.—*Copy these names and commit them to memory.*

January

July

February

August

March

September

April

October

May

November

June

December

LESSON XI.

môn'key	păt ting	lëath'er
Thănks'giv ing	ëa'ger ly	ex clăiməd'
răi'sins	ăl'monds	pouch'es
sug'ar plŭms	fil'berts	mën'tionəd
côn vên'ient (-yent)	stŭf fing	a mŭse'

Queer Pockets.

1. "Good morning, monkey!" said little Billy.

"Good morning," replied the black monkey, very politely.

2. "I came to bring you some nuts," said Billy. "We had a Thanksgiving dinner at grandpa's yesterday, and I filled all my pockets with nuts and raisins and sugarplums. Grandma lets me, you know; and I thought you might like some."

3. "I thank you very much," said the monkey. "I'm fonder of nuts than of anything else in the world. How many pockets have you?"

"Let me see!" said Billy, patting himself all over. "Two, four, six, and the little inside one makes seven."

4. "Dear me, how very convenient!" said the monkey. "I have only two. But they hold a good deal!" he added, stretching out his black paw to receive something.

Billy pulled out a handful of nuts, and Master Monkey helped himself eagerly to them.

5. "Filberts!" he cried, "Ha! ha! Almonds! Ho! ho! You are a good boy, Billy!"

"Oh! oh! stop!" cried Billy. "You mustn't crack them with your teeth. There was once a boy who cracked nuts with his teeth, and in two years he had not a tooth left."

6. "Ah!" said the monkey, "but you see I am not a boy. My friends all crack nuts. We think it very good for the teeth. It sharpens them, you know, and keeps them white."

7. Crick-crack! crick-crack! and he cracked away, throwing down the shells, and stuffing the kernels into his mouth, till his cheeks stuck out like two little black leather balls.

8. "How can you get so many into your mouth?" asked Billy. "They call me greedy when I fill my mouth full, and I was sent away from table for it only last week; but I couldn't get in nearly as much as you can."

9. "Oh!" said the monkey, "I am not greedy. I am putting these into my pockets. I have only two pockets, as I told you, and they are in my mouth."

10. "Pockets in your mouth!" cried Billy. "Why, how funny! Did your mother sew them in? Did it hurt?"

11. The monkey laughed. "They grew there," he said. "Monkey mothers don't know how to sew. You see, I stow away filberts, or whatever else is given me, in these two pockets, or pouches, as they are more often called; then I can get them whenever I want them, and nobody else can. Did you ever see a funny little animal called the pouched-rat?" he added.

12. "No," said Billy. "What is he like?"

"Oh, he is just a rat!" said the monkey. "I only mentioned him because he wears his pockets outside, as you do yours."

13. "Tell me about him," said Billy.

"Well," said the monkey, "he has two pouches on the outside of his face, one on each cheek. He carries his food in them, and takes it out whenever he feels hungry. The little bags flop about when he runs, and look very funny."

14. "I should like to see him," said Billy.

"It would amuse you," said the monkey.

"Are there other animals that wear their pockets on the outside, as I do mine?" asked Billy.

15. "Plenty of them," answered the monkey. "I have seen a toad in the hot country where I used to live that has little pockets all over her back. She carries her babies in these until they are nearly grown up."

16. "What ! babies in her pockets?" exclaimed Billy.

"Certainly," replied the monkey.

"Well, good-by, Mr. Pockets," said Billy. "My papa is calling me and I must go ; for he does not like to wait. I shall ask him about what you have told me."

mentioned, told about.

exclaimed, cried in a loud voice.

convenient, handy.

eagerly, hastily.

amuse, entertain.

How many pockets has a monkey ?

Where are they ?

What can you tell about the pouched-rat ?

Can you name any other creatures that have pockets ?

Write all you know about them.

USE OF CAPITAL LETTERS.—*The names of the days and of the months should begin with capital letters.*

What days have you been in school this week ?

What days of the week have you no school ?

When does Christmas occur ?

What day is New-Year's day ?

Which is the shortest month ?

Which is the month of roses ?

Write the answers in complete sentences, and remember the rule.

LESSON XII.

mër'ri ly	gained	pū'pil
hōme'sick	bright'enəd	rūshəd
rōs y-cheekəd'	chăt'ted	vā'cānt
dīs cōv'ered	wom'an (wum-)	split

Half an Apple.

1. One cold winter morning, about thirty years ago, a number of girls and boys were gathered around the stove in their school-room.

2. They talked and laughed merrily among themselves, but took no notice of a new scholar who was standing a little way from them. Now and then they glanced at her, but nobody spoke to her.

3. The little girl had never been to school before, and began to feel shy and homesick. She wished she could run to her mother and have a good cry.

4. The tears stood in her eyes, and were ready to fall, when suddenly the door of the school-room flew open, and a bright-eyed, rosy-cheeked girl rushed in. She joined the merry group near the stove and began to talk and laugh with them. Presently her eyes fell on the new scholar.

5. "Good-morning!" she said, in a sweet tone of voice. The little girl at once brightened up and answered, "Good-morning."

6. "Cold, isn't it?" said the other, as she pulled off her mittens, and held her hands to the stove. Then, from the bottom of her pocket, she drew out a large, rosy apple. She split it in two, and, with a smile, offered one-half to the new pupil.



7. "Do you like apples?" she said.

"Ever so much," said the new pupil, taking the half-apple which the other offered.

"My name is Libby," said the owner of the bright eyes; "what is yours?"

"My name is Hetty," replied the other.

8. "Well," said Libby, "there is a vacant seat next to mine. Wouldn't you like to sit by me?"

"Yes, I should," replied Hetty. So the two girls went to Libby's seat, and chatted together until the bell rang.

9. "Where is Hetty Rowe?" asked the teacher. Before anybody had time to answer, she discovered her seated next to merry-faced Libby. The teacher smiled, and said; "I see you are in good hands." And so she was.

10. When Libby had grown to be a woman, she told me this story herself, and used to say that half an apple had gained for her one of her dearest friends.

11. But I think something besides the apple made the two girls such friends. Don't you?

discovered, saw.

vacant, empty.

gained, won.

brightened up, looked happier.

Write these sentences and put other words in place of the italics.

The children laughed *merrily* among themselves.

Now and then they *glanced* at her.

Presently her eyes fell on the new scholar.

The little girl at once *brightened up*.

There is a *vacant seat* next to mine.

The two girls *chatted* together until the bell rang.

Libby's kindness had *gained* a friend.

LESSON XIII.

laid	trēat	a gain' (-gēn)	scôrn
wisp	to gēth' er	brōd	stīr
plūm	trick	in trude'	wōve

Pronounce *intrude*, intrōd'.

Who Stole the Bird's Nest?

1. "To-whit, to-whit, to-whee!
Will you listen to me?
Who stole four eggs I laid,
And the nice nest I made?"
2. "Not I," said the cow; "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do.
I gave you a wisp of hay,
But didn't take your nest away.
Not I," said the cow; "moo-oo!
Such a thing I'd never do!"
3. "Bob-o-link! bob-o-link!
Now, what do you think?
Who stole a nest away
From the plum-tree to-day?"
4. "Not I," said the dog; "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean anyhow.
I gave hairs the nest to make,
But the nest I did not take.

Not I," said the dog; "bow-wow!
I wouldn't be so mean anyhow!"

5. "Coo-coo, coo-coo, coo-coo!

Let me speak a word or two:

Who stole that pretty nest,
From little yellow-breast?"

6. "Not I," said the sheep; "oh, no!

I wouldn't treat a poor bird so.

I gave wool the nest to line,

But the nest was none of mine.

Baa, baa!" said the sheep; "oh, no!

I wouldn't treat a poor bird so!"

7. "Caw, caw!" cried the crow;

"I should like to know,

What thief took away

A bird's nest to-day?"

8. "Cluck, cluck!" said the hen;

"Don't ask me again.

Why, I haven't a chick

Would do such a trick!

We each gave her a feather,

And she wove them together.

I'd scorn to intrude

On her and her brood.

Cluck, cluck ! " said the hen ;
" Don't ask me again."

9. " Chir-a-whir ! chir-a-whir !
We'll make a great stir,
And find out his name,
And all cry, ' For shame ! ' "

10. " I would not rob a bird,"
Said little Mary Green ;
" I think I never heard
Of anything so mean."

11. " It is very cruel, too,"
Said little Alice Neal ;
" I wonder if he knew
How sad the bird would feel ! "

12. A little boy hung down his head,
And went and hid behind the bed ;
For he stole that pretty nest,
From poor little yellow-breast ;
And he felt so full of shame,
He didn't like to tell his name.

What little bird lost the nest ?

How did the little boy feel who stole it ?

Let the pupils write from memory what the cow and the
hen said.

LESSON XIV.

fāil	tormēnt'	ad vice'	sleeves
shout'ing	gōōd-nā tūred .	drēad	plūck
tēase	pro vōked'	prōm'ise	in tēnd'

Uncle Tom's Advice.

1. Frank Benson was coming home from school one day with a troubled look in his face, when he met his Uncle Tom.

"Well, Frank!" said his uncle, "what has happened to-day? Did you fail in your lessons after all your hard study?"

2. "My lessons don't trouble me," said Frank; "but some of the big boys torment me so, that I almost hate to go to school."

"Torment a little fellow like you, Frank? What can they find to torment you about?"

3. "Oh, they call me 'Baby Benson' and 'cunning little Ben,' and they make fun of my jacket—because the sleeves are a little too short. To-day, after school, Sam Bugbee and Will Titus kept saying to me, 'What a good little baby he is!' and 'How can such a little head carry so much learning?' It makes me almost dread to know my lessons well."

4. "But why do you let the boys tease you, Frank?"

"Why, I can't help it, uncle. They seem to think it is the greatest fun, and they keep it up all the more when they see that I am provoked."

5. "Well, Frank, I can tell you how to take all the fun out of it for them, so that the boys will soon get tired of amusing themselves in this way."

"Oh, it's of no use, uncle. I've tried every way to stop them, but those big boys are so mean, they don't mind a word I say."

6. "But I think there is one way, Frank, that you have not thought of. If you will try it, I am sure you will be surprised to find how well it will work.

7. "Now take my advice, and try it to-morrow. Meet all the boys with a cheerful face and a pleasant word. If they begin their old game, join with them in the fun, laugh at it, as if you enjoyed it as much as any one, and give a good-natured answer every time. Don't let the boys think that you are teased in the least, and I promise you, the teasing will soon stop."

8. "Well, I have never tried that way," said Frank. "I think it will be pretty hard for me, but I will do as you say, uncle."

9. The next day Frank came running in from school, and shouting, "Where's Uncle Tom? Hurrah for Uncle Tom! Where is he?"

"Here, in the garden," answered his uncle. "How many times have you been teased to-day?"

10. "I haven't been teased once, Uncle Tom, though Sam and Will tried their best to torment me. When they made fun of me I laughed as much as they did, and so I turned the laugh on them every time. I've had great sport.

11. "After school all the other boys tossed their caps and shouted, 'Good for you, Frank Benson!' 'Where did you get so much pluck?'"

12. "I knew you would come out all right, if you tried my plan, Frank. But what did the two big boys have to say?"

13. "Oh, Sam and Will. Why, they didn't seem to like the new fun so very much. They soon slipped away together and left me with my friends. I know one thing, they will never tease me again, for I don't intend to be teased by any one."

pluck, courage.

intend, mean.

dread, afraid.

advice, counsel.

Copy and change these words according to the model, and add ing.

Model.—have

hav ing

love

live

give

save

skate

hope

take

make

come

move

LESSON XV.

föld'ing	päs'sen ger	flä'vôr	swift
ëx prëss'	Mëd i ter rä'ne an	hüd'dled	fôurth
hëav'ily	out strëtchəd'	päs'säge	trāin
Af'ri ca	ac cōrd'	flūf'fy	ār'row

The Crane Express.

1. Once upon a time there were six little birds, all fat, all fluffy, and all friendly; and they sat in a row on the shore of the Mediterranean Sea.

2. Said one of them to the others, "Fat and fluffy friends, let us go over to Africa. I have heard that the worms there walk into one's mouth as soon as one opens it, and that they have besides a very fine flavor."

3. Said the others to him, "Fluffy friend and fat, gladly would we go to Africa, but how can we get there? Our wings are short, and we are small. We never could fly so far, but should drop into the sea and be drowned."

4. "That is true," said the first. "Let us see if some one does not come along who will carry us over." So they all waited, sitting in a row on the sand. Soon a great fish came swimming by.

"Will you carry us to Africa, fish?" asked the six little birds.

5. "I will carry you to the bottom of the sea," replied the fish, "just like this!" and, folding his fins, he darted down through the water as swift as an arrow.



6. "Dear! dear!" said the little birds. "How lucky that we did not go with him. We must still wait."

7. Soon a sheep came walking by, and as it looked very good-natured, the birds asked if it would carry them over to Africa.

8. "I can't," said the sheep. "I never swim, and I cannot fly. You must wait for the cranes."

"And who are the cranes?" asked the little birds.

9. "They are big birds," said the sheep, "with long bills, longer necks, and legs that are longer yet. Once every year they come from the north and fly to Africa, and always carry small birds like you. I wonder you have never seen them."

10. "We are very young," replied the fat, fluffy little friends. "We have seen little of the world, but we thank you very much for telling us, and we will wait for the cranes."

11. They had not long to wait. In a few minutes they heard a rushing sound overhead, and, looking up, saw a flock of great birds with necks outstretched and wings spread wide, flying low over the beach.

12. "Will you carry us over to Africa?" called the little birds all in a flutter, as the first crane swept by.

13. "I am full!" replied the crane. "The fourth behind me has room for you, but you must get on quickly!"

14. As he flew on, the six friends saw that his back was covered with small birds, all huddled together and holding on with beaks and claws.

15. The second crane passed, and the third, both heavily laden. Then came the fourth. Hop!

skip! flutter! scramble! and the six fat, fluffy friends were seated on his back, with a dozen or more little fellows about their own size.

"Are you all right?" said the crane. "Hold on tight!" and away he flew over the wide, blue sea.

16. Many other little birds came flying to the shore, to take passage on the Crane Express. And many a back was covered with tiny passengers.

"All aboard! all aboard!" cried the cranes. "Twitter! chirp! twit-twit!" piped the passengers. And the whole train swept on, far away over the sea, toward the white shore of Africa.

17. Now, part of this story may be true, for cranes really do carry hundreds of small birds over the Mediterranean Sea every year. But whether the African worms walk into birds' mouths of their own accord or not, is quite another matter; and if I were you, I would not believe it till I saw it.

flavor, taste.

take passage on, travel by.

fluffy, downy.

train, line of birds.

How did the little birds get to Africa?

Why could the cranes fly across the sea, when the little birds could not?

Name some birds of this country that leave their homes every year to go to another part of the country.

At what season of the year do they go?

LESSON XVI.

dīs'tānce	fāint'er	rougħ	will'ing ly
ma çhine'	ō'pen	spāce	glīs'tened
hār'vest	hūsk'y	view	hīd'den
rēap'ing	yōn'der	down'y	sweet'er

Pronounce *machine*, ma sheen' ; *rough*, rūf ; *view*, vū.

How Patty was Saved.

1. Patty lived in the country, and on bright, warm days she liked to follow her father into the fields where he was at work. One bright and sunny morning, in harvest-time, Patty heard the hum of the reaping machine through the open window.

2. She thought, "Perhaps it will rain to-morrow. I think I'll see papa mowing to-day." So in a moment the little feet were trotting across the fields. Patty tried to catch up with the workmen, but they went too fast ; and soon she got tired, and sat down to rest in the shade of an old oak tree.

3. Suddenly a bird flew out of the wheat near by, singing a rich, clear song. Patty clapped her hands in delight, and as the bird rose higher and higher, and the notes grew fainter and sweeter in the distance, she held her breath to listen to the sound.

4. "Perhaps there is a nest in there," thought Patty, when it was still again; and "in there" she went, looking eagerly about with a pair of bright eyes; and, sure enough, there it was, a nest with three of the dearest, sweetest little birds! Was there ever anything so funny as those downy little heads, with the tiny bills wide open?

5. "What a nice place for a nest!" thought Patty, as she stood where the grain was high above her head, and quite hid her from view. "I'll play that I'm a bird myself and have my nest here. I wonder if papa will ever find me!" She laughed softly to herself, thinking of it.

6. The yellow wheat seemed to laugh, too, and tossed itself back and forth, back and forth, but it never whispered to the child of danger, nor ever told the men, as they rapidly came along, of the little girl hidden amid the waving grain. The men and horses came on with the machine.

7. What was it, do you suppose, that made the farmer stop his horses all at once? Did he think his little girl was in danger? No, indeed; he thought she was safe with mamma at home. But he was a noble man, with a large, kind heart, and he would not willingly hurt the least of God's creatures.

8. He said to one of the men, "Here, Tom, come

and hold the horses. There's a lark's nest somewhere near the old oak yonder. I'll hunt it up, and you can drive round so as not to hurt the young birds."

9. What a cry of surprise papa gave when he found his darling Patty sitting there! How fast his heart beat, when he thought of the danger she had been in! He caught her up in his arms, covered her face with kisses, and said, "It was the birds that saved her!"

10. When Patty had been carried safely home in her father's arms, and he and his men, with the machine, were going round the fields again, they left a wide space round the lark's nest uncut; and somebody—a great, rough-looking man—said, while tears glistened in his eyes, and his voice grew husky, "God bless the little birds!"

harvest-time, time for gathering crops.
yonder, at a little distance.

glistened, shone.
husky, hoarse.

What did Patty do one pleasant morning?

What danger did she meet with?

How was she saved?

What did her papa say?

USE OF QUESTION MARK.—*Put an interrogation point (?) after every question.*

Write five questions about Patty.

LESSON XVII.

fr ^o nt	qu ⁱ ck'ness	be t ^w een'
wheel	p ^u r s ^u e'	d ⁱ f'fer en ^{ce}
w ^a g'ōn	cōurse	s ^u p plies'

Little Wheel and Big Wheel.

1. Said the big wagon-wheel
To the little wagon-wheel,
“What a difference between us I see!
As our course we pursue,
Can a small thing like you
Keep up with a great thing like me?”
2. Said the little wagon-wheel
To the big wagon-wheel,
“You are larger, I own, my good friend;
But my quickness supplies
What I want in my size,
So I keep in the front to the end.”

pursue, follow.

course, way.

supplies, makes up for.

Which wheel went over the more ground in turning round once?

Which went over the more ground in an hour?

How could the little wheel keep up with the big wheel?

LESSON XVIII.

in'ter est ing	bus'ily (biz-)	bee'tles	tear
cöck'röach es	dé stroyed'	wild'ly	halt
tröüb' le söme	él'e phant	cling'ing	cör'ner
scör'pi on	thous'ands	fight'ers	clös'et

The Army Ant.

1. All ants have curious ways. Even those very common black ones that you see running so fast up and down the trunks of trees are very interesting to watch. If you follow them to their homes you will find out how they live, and why they are running so busily to and fro.

2. Most ants have nice, warm homes. Some of them live in the ground, and make rooms, with long halls or passages leading from one to another.

3. Others heap up mounds which we call ant-hills; others, again, live in hollow trees. But one very queer kind has no home at all. This is the army ant.

4. The reason why this ant has no home is because he is too busy to make one; and, besides, he never stays in a place long enough to live in a home if he had it. He is always on the march.

5. The work of the army ant is to kill scorpions

and wasps, beetles and cockroaches, and other troublesome creatures found in hot countries.

6.

Of course, the beetles and other insects do not stand still to be caught. Those that have wings fly for their lives; others run up the trunks of trees or the stems of grass or weeds; but the ants can climb, too, and quickly follow them.



7. If they find a wasp's nest they tear it to pieces, and carry out the baby wasps, and eat them. while

the old wasps fly wildly about, not able to fight the strange army.

8. Mice and other small animals are easily destroyed by these fierce little creatures, and as soon as killed they are eaten. It is said that an army of ants could kill an elephant, if it were tied and could not get away.

9. Early in the morning the great army starts on its march, hundreds of thousands of ants together. Over every log, under every leaf, into every nook and corner they go. Nothing can stop them.

10. It is of no use to shut doors; for houses, in the countries where the army ants live, are not built so tight as ours, and the ants can get in through a very small crack.

11. You might think people would be afraid to see them coming. But they are not. They like it, because the ants destroy every troublesome creature that may be in the house.

12. Not a rat or a mouse or a cockroach is left, where the army goes. So the people open every closet and drawer and box. They then run away themselves, and leave the ants to clean house for them.

13. When the workers are tired, the army comes to a halt. Sometimes the ants creep for rest under

the fallen trunks of trees. Sometimes all swarm into a hollow tree or log. Now and then they are found clinging together, and forming a ball as big as a barrel.

14. Though these creatures are great fighters, and kill every insect they meet, they are kind to each other. If they find one of the army held down by a little stone, or a bit of clay, they set to work to get him free. Some pull at his legs, others bite the clay, or push the stone. They never leave their comrade until he is out of his trouble.

scorpion, a kind of spider with
a sting in its tail.

cockroach, a troublesome insect.
wildly, in confusion.

Write the answers in complete sentences.

Where are the army ants found?

Why are they called army ants?

What work do they do?

If an army ant gets into trouble, what do the others do?

Describe the picture.

Copy and change these words according to the model, and add ing.

Model.—nut nut-ting

pat	rap	tap	run	bud
put	rip	tip	rub	hug

LESSON XIX.

cū'cūm ber

bās'ket ful

ex pect'ed

quar'ters

pūz'zled

a mused'

e noūgh'

to geth'er

laughed

How the Cucumber Got into the Bottle.

1. When Rodney was at his uncle's he saw something very queer. It was a cucumber in a bottle. When he first saw it, he sat down and looked at it a long time.

2. He wondered how it could have got into the bottle. The cucumber was very large. The bottle was large enough to hold the cucumber, but it had a very small mouth.

3. If the mouth of the bottle had been four times as big as it was, the cucumber could not have been put through it. There was not even a crack in the bottle; so it had not been broken and put together after the cucumber was in.

4. While Rodney was trying to think how the cucumber could have got into the bottle, his uncle came up the steps. He laughed when he saw what Rodney was looking at.

5. "Can you make it out?" he asked.

"No," said Rodney; "please tell me."

"Suppose I show you. I will take another bot-

tle, and we will put a cucumber into it. You can have it to take home with you," said his uncle.

6. Rodney thought that would be very nice. His uncle brought a bottle just like the one with the cucumber in it. There was a basketful of cucumbers on the porch. Rodney expected that his uncle would take one of these and put it into the bottle. He could not think how this could be done.

7. Instead of taking a cucumber out of the basket, however, his uncle went to the garden. He looked over the vines, and found a tiny cucumber near the end of a vine. He cut off the end of the vine, and pushed the little cucumber through the neck of the bottle. Then he laid the bottle down on the ground.

8. "Is that all?" said Rodney. "Why, it's not a bit like the other."

"Wait a few days, and then see how it will be," said his uncle.

9. "Oh!" cried Rodney. "I see now. The cucumber grows inside the bottle."

"That's just it," replied his uncle.

10. Every day Rodney went out to see how his cucumber was getting on in its glass house. It seemed to like its new quarters very much, and by the time Rodney was ready to go home it was larger than the first one.

11. How much fun he had with that cucumber! He showed it to everybody. Many were puzzled to know how it got into the bottle, and Rodney amused himself greatly in making them guess.

expected, thought.

puzzled, unable to tell.

quarters, house.

amused, pleased.

What puzzled Rodney?

Why did it puzzle him?

Tell how the cucumber got into the bottle?



LESSON XX.

sun'shīn y

plōd'ded

věg'ē ta blē

crowd'ed

būn'dlē

strūg'gle

dis āp pēar'

trēat'ed

Chrīs'tian

sprāinēd

cār'riāge

pēlt'ed

Coals of Fire.

1. "Hurrah for a nutting frolic!" said six merry boys, as off they went to the fields on a sunshiny Saturday.

2. A mile out of town they saw a boy ahead of them, slowly pushing a cart up a hill.

3. "There's Billy with his cart," said Roy.

"What has he got in it now?" said Jack.

"Let's play a trick on him," said Ned. "Let's all run up behind him and tip his cart over."



4. Billy was the son of a poor widow. Day after day he plodded about with his cart, trying to do something to help his mother.

5. Sometimes the cart was filled with vegetables which he had raised to sell. Sometimes it was loaded with bundles to be carried, or with rubbish

which he had been hired to take away. With some load or other Billy was always busy.

6. The six boys ran up behind him. But he was on the watch, and held fast to his cart. They saw that it was filled with apples, and thought that they would have all the more fun, if they could tip it over.

"Let me alone," cried Billy. "You're six to one."

7. But with loud laughter they crowded closely upon him. Roy and Ned seized his arms. The others took hold of the cart, two on one side and two on the other.

8. They soon managed to upset it. Down went the apples, rolling this way and that; but down, too, went Jack, with a cry of pain, for in the struggle his foot was caught in the spokes of the wheel, and badly twisted and sprained. His playmates helped him to the side of the road.

9. "What shall we do?" said Roy.

"Perhaps I shall soon feel better," said Jack. "You go on and I'll come after."

"I hate to leave you so," said Ned, "but it's the only day we have for nutting."

10. Jack hardly thought they would leave him, but they did, really believing that he was not much hurt. But the pain grew worse and worse, and the tears came into his eyes, as he saw the boys disappear in the woods near by.

11. By this time Billy had picked up his apples and was going to wheel them away. But he saw that Jack was still by the roadside; so he came to him and said, "Are you much hurt?"

"I'm afraid so," said Jack.

12. Without saying more, Billy went for his cart, took out the apples, and hid them behind the fence. Then, before Jack had time to object, he lifted him into the cart.

"It isn't a very fine carriage," said Billy, "but it's better than none."

13. "Mamma," said Jack, when he talked to his mother that night, "I know now what you mean about 'heaping coals of fire on one's head.' I'd rather Billy had pelted me with his apples all day than be so kind, after we had treated him so badly."

14. "Billy behaved like a gentleman and a Christian," said his mother.

"Yes," said Jack, "and you may be sure I'm going to be kind to Billy after this."

plodded, went steadily.

treated, used.

pelted, hit.

disappear, go out of sight.

What do you think of Billy's conduct? What do you think of the conduct of the other boys?

What would you have done in Billy's place?

What is meant by "coals of fire"?

LESSON XXI.

scratch

wade

catch

prey

Birds that Hop and Birds that Walk.

A little boy said to a little bird, "Stop!
And tell me the reason you go with a hop.
Why don't you walk, as boys do and men,
One foot at a time, like a dove or a hen?"

"How queer it would look if, when you go out,
You should see little boys go jumping about
Like you, little bird! And you don't know what
fun

It is to be able to walk and to run."

Then the little bird went with a hop, hop, hop;
And he laughed and he laughed as he never would
stop;
And he said, "Little boy, watch close and you'll see,
What birds walk like you, and what birds hop like
me.

"Every bird that can scratch in the dirt can walk;
Every bird that can wade in the water can walk;
Every bird that has claws to catch prey with can
walk,

One foot at a time. It is big birds that walk.

“But most little birds that can sing you a song
 Are so small that their legs are not very strong
 To scratch with or wade with or catch things—
 that’s why
 They hop with both feet. Little boy, good-by.”

What birds scratch in the dirt?
 Name the birds that wade.
 Name the birds that have claws.
 What birds walk? What birds hop?



LESSON XXII.

to-mör'rōw	de pends'	līs'tən
im pā'tient ly	sur'est	rēap'ers
hūr'ry ing	sūn'rise	flown
wōr'ry	neigh'bor	hire

Pronounce *worry*, wūr'ry : *surest*, shūr'est.

The Lark and Her Young Ones.

1. A brood of larks had their nest in a field of grain. The mother was in great fear that the reapers might come and cut down the grain before her young ones could fly. When she left the nest to go in search of food, she told them to remember anything they heard while she was away, and tell it to her.

2. One day when the grain was ripe they overheard the farmer say to his son, "Our grain is ready to cut. We will ask our neighbors to help us to-morrow to gather it in."

3. At this the young larks were very much frightened. When their mother flew home, they all cried at once, "Oh, mother! we must move to-night, or we shall be killed."

4. "What do you mean?" asked the mother lark.

"The farmer," said the young larks, "is going to call his neighbors to help him to-morrow to cut the grain, and they will surely break up our nest."

5. "Do not worry, my children," answered the mother. "There is nothing to fear yet. But listen carefully to what the farmer says, when he comes again."

6. A day or two after this the farmer came again, with his son, to the field. "My son," he said, "go call your uncles and cousins to help us to gather the grain. We cannot wait any longer for our neighbors."

7. The young larks were frightened more than before. They waited impatiently for their mother to come home and help them to move from the nest. When she came, they told her what the farmer had said.

8. "There is no need of hurrying yet, my children," she said. "When a man depends on his friends to harvest his grain, it will not be done in a day. And besides, I am sure that they have their own grain to harvest. Listen once more."

9. The next day the farmer came again. "This will never do," he said. "My son, the grain must not stand another day. You and I will cut it ourselves. We must be in the field by sunrise."

10. The old lark had just flown home, and heard herself what the farmer said. "Now, children," she cried, "we must leave the field! When a man makes up his mind to do his work himself, it is sure to be done."

MORAL: The surest way to have a thing done is to do it yourself.

depends, trusts for help.
impatiently, eagerly.

reapers, those who cut
the grain.

USE OF THE PERIOD.—*Place a period after every complete sentence that is neither a question nor an exclamation.*

Write five sentences telling what you can do.

Whenever you write Mr. for Mister; Mrs. for Mistress; Dr. for Doctor; N. for Nellie; G. for George, or any abbreviation, be sure to use a period.

Write the names of your parents, using single letters for all but the last name. Write three other names.

LESSON XXIII.

toũgh	po tá'toes	clūs'ter	ba nă'nă
dăn de liõs	lēaf'-stems	pūr ple	wĩth'erẽ
ģe rā'nĩ um	ar rāngəd'	stout	bĩs'cult

Pronounce *tough*, tũf ; *biscuit*, bis'kit.

The Banana.

1. "Will," said Uncle Jack, as he handed the children a basket of fruit that he had brought for them, "what fruit do you like best?"

"Bananas, sir."

2. "I thought so. Well, you will find some in that basket. But tell me, what do you know about bananas?"

"I know that they grow in hot countries," said Sue, "and I think they grow in the woods."

3. "Some kinds do grow in the woods," replied Uncle Jack. "But the fruit of wild banana plants is almost always too bitter to eat. That which is good to eat is the fruit of trees planted in gardens or fields."

4. "And, uncle, from what do they grow?" said Sue.

"A great many shoots come up from the roots of the old trees. These are cut off and set in the ground, just as we start geraniums and rose-trees."

5. "Pretty soon the young shoots send up two long leaves. But you wouldn't think they were leaves. They are curled so tightly together that they look just like a round stick.

6. "After a while the leaves unfold and hang down like branches. Other leaves grow out, curled just as tight as the first. These soon uncurl and bend down, and others grow in their places.

7. "Then the plant really begins to look like a tree; but the trunk is not hard wood, like the oak or pine. It is nothing but leaf-stems, packed closely together.

8. "At the end of nine months a deep purple bud appears in the centre of the leaves. Pretty soon it grows out and hangs down. It looks like a



great purple heart. Soon it opens ; and what do you think are inside ? Rings and rings of bright little buds arranged round the stem. Soon each little bud bursts into a yellow blossom.

9. "Then comes the fruit. At first each banana is only a tiny green pod, but it grows and grows till the cluster becomes very heavy."

10. "How heavy ?" asked Will.

"Oh, as heavy as you are, Will."

"Ninety-one pounds ?"

"Yes. Each banana weighs very little by itself, but sometimes there are several hundred bananas on one stem.

11. "A great many are picked while they are still green. If they were not, we never should have them here. They would not keep long enough.

12. "When gathered they are put into a cool place or buried in the earth, until they are taken on the steamer to be brought to the United States."

13. "What becomes of the tree ?"

"Oh, when it has borne its cluster of fruit the poor thing withers away. The big stem and the great leaves die. But the root still lives, and all around the dead stem come up the young shoots, or baby plants, which as I told you, are saved to plant again."

14. "Do people in hot countries eat many bananas, Uncle Jack ?" asked Polly.

"Thousands of people almost live on them, Polly, just as people in some countries almost live on potatoes, and in others on rice. They have bananas for breakfast, dinner, and tea.

15. "Sometimes the people of South America cut the fruit into strips, then dry it in the sun, grind it, and make a flour from it."

"Just think of having banana biscuit at breakfast!" whispered Polly.

16. "The young shoots," said Uncle Jack, "that come up from the roots of the dead trees, are eaten as greens, like dandelions. The leaves have a watery juice which is used to dye white cloth. It makes it brown or black. The long, tough threads of the leaves are woven into a beautiful kind of cloth called grass-cloth.

17. "Isn't it wonderful, children, to think in how many ways the banana tree is of use in the countries where it grows?"

arranged, placed in order.

withers, dies.

cluster, bunch.

Write about the banana from these heads:

Where it grows. Growth of tree. How it looks when growing. Blossoms. Growth of fruit. Gathering of fruit. Uses of the banana.

LESSON XXIV.

hōl'idāy

stāte'ly

boughs

proud

keen

fēast

hand'sōm est

plūmp

mis take'

Nutting.

Come, Robert and Harry, come, Lily and May !
October is here and our glad holiday ;
With every breath of the keen, frosty breeze,
Brown chestnuts are dropping from all the high
trees.

Come here with your bags and your big baskets,
quick !
And Harry's new jack-knife shall cut a long stick.
Then Robert shall climb the old chestnut-tree tall,
And thrash the big boughs till the ripe chestnuts
fall,

So shiny and smooth, and so plump and so brown,
The handsomest chestnuts that ever fell down ;
Though stately and proud the old nut-tree has
stood

A hundred long years—the king of the wood.

You dear little squirrel, you look very wise,
With long bushy tail and bright, shiny, black eyes.

Pray, sir, do you fancy you own this great tree?
It's quite a mistake, sir, between you and me.

We don't mean to rob you, dear, not in the least;
But we, too, love chestnuts and long for a feast;
We know you must gather your snug winter store,
But after we go you will find plenty more.

stately, lofty.

keen, sharp.

feast, plenty to eat.

proud, grand.

*Copy and unite the sentences in each group by the use of
and, omitting all unnecessary words.*

The boys are going nutting.

The girls are going nutting.

May went to walk.

Lily went to walk.

Harry lost his knife.

Harry lost his pencil.

Harry lost his book.

There were peach-trees in the orchard.

There were apple-trees in the orchard.

There were cherry-trees in the orchard.

*Drill the class carefully in the correct pronunciation of
words ending in o and ow. They are often mispro-
nounced, as windur for window, potatur for potato.*

window

fellow

borrow

meadow

potato

mellow

to-morrow

pillow

LESSON XXV.

ac'count	ën gi neer'	clump
râil'rôad	whîs'tle (hwîs'sl)	wâve
news'pâ per	scârce'ly	sîg'nal
gâr'ment	shôul'ders	clôthes

The Hero of Chestnut Hill.

1. Sidney Warner, a boy of ten, lived with a farmer named Peter Meggs. One stormy evening in September, when Sidney drove the cows home from pasture, "Snow-white Daisy" was missing. It was too late to search for her that night.

2. The next morning, bright and early, Sidney went out to look for Daisy. He walked up the railroad track between Chestnut Hill and the river. Here a deep cut had been made in the hill.

3. The boy went through the cut and then left the track and ran up the hill. Pretty soon Daisy was found. Her head was caught fast by the horns in a clump of young chestnut trees. Here the poor creature had been all night.

4. Sidney had scarcely found her, when suddenly he heard a noise that seemed to come from the bottom of the hill. The hill itself shook—the stones rattled—there were sounds as if something heavy were falling.

5. The boy wondered what could be the matter. For the moment he forgot Daisy, and ran down the hill. When he reached the bottom, he saw what had made the noises that he had heard. A large part of the hill had broken away and slid upon the track. What was to be done?



6. Sidney knew that a train would soon be due. If it should run into the heap of earth and stones, it would be thrown from the track, and many passengers might be killed.

7. He started up the track at full speed. Soon he heard the engine whistle at the town three miles off. Not a moment was to be lost. "If

only I had a red flag to wave," thought Sidney, as he ran along the track to meet the train.

8. As he ran, he pulled off his jacket and threw it down. Next came his shirt. How cold the rain felt! but he did not stop to think of that. The next garment was a bright-red flannel shirt that Mrs. Meggs had finished and given to him only the night before. This he quickly took off, and waved it high in the air. It said, "Danger ahead!"

9. On came the train. The engineer saw the signal and knew what it meant. He stopped the train and shouted, "What's the matter?"

10. "A land-slide! A land-slide! The hill's fallen down on the track!" cried Sidney. And then the little fellow wrapped his red flag about his bare shoulders, and ran back to pick up his jacket and shirt.

11. Almost before the passengers knew in what danger they had been, Sidney was out of sight, up the hill. He helped Daisy to get her horns out of the chestnut bushes, and drove her home.

12. Sidney did not know that he was a hero. But the newspapers next morning had an account of what had happened, and over it was printed in big letters, "The Hero of Chestnut Hill."

account, statement.

engineer, an engine driver.

signal, a sign.

clump, a cluster.

LESSON XXVI.

shĭv'er ing	skāt'ing	sound'ly
tĭnder stānd'	āu'tumn	stū'pid
wōod'chĭcks	mār'mots	cōast'ing

Winter Sleepers.

1. "This is a cold day, monkey," said Billy, rubbing his hands together, as he entered the monkey-house.

2. "Indeed it is!" replied the monkey, shivering all over, as he sat huddled up in a corner of his cage. "I cannot understand why people live in such a cold place as this. Ugh! I wish I were a bear!"

"Why?" asked Billy.

3. "I shouldn't be cold then," cried the monkey. "I should have a thick, warm coat to keep out the cold; and besides, I should sleep all the winter, and never wake up till spring came again."

"Oh! is that what bears do?" inquired Billy.

4. "Certainly it is!" replied the monkey. "When a bear sees that winter is coming, he eats a great deal, a very great deal, till he cannot eat any more. Then he goes into a cave or a hole, and quietly goes to sleep.

5. "But the strange thing about it is, that when

he comes out of his den, he is just as fat as when he went in. I don't understand that."

6. "I shouldn't like to sleep all winter," said Billy. "Why, it is the best part of the year. Think of losing all the skating and coasting! Nobody but a stupid old bear would do that."

7. "Oh, yes," said the monkey. "There are plenty of other creatures who sleep all winter."

"Do you know any of them?" asked Billy.

8. "Well, there are the marmots, and their cousins, the woodchucks," replied the monkey. "They curl themselves up into balls, and sleep so soundly, I have been told, that you can take them out and roll them about without waking them; but I never tried it."

9. "Are they fat, like the bears, when they come out of their holes in the spring?" asked Billy.

"Not so fat as the bears are!" replied the monkey. "But they do not suffer. They always gather some food and store it away, in the autumn, before they go to sleep. Then the moment they wake they begin to eat."

10. "How funny!" said Billy. "Do squirrels sleep all winter?"

"Some of them do," answered the monkey; "others do not. Those that do not, lay in a great store of food, nuts and roots and such things.

They pack them neatly away in their holes or in the hollows of trees in which they live."

11. "Oh, I know!" cried Billy. "That must be the same kind of squirrel that lives in a tree near our house. I put some nuts under the tree for him the other day, and he carried them all off and hid them in two different places. Do you know any more of the sleepy-heads?"

12. "Yes, frogs and toads sleep all the winter," said the monkey. "A toad, you know, will sleep for years if you shut him up tight. Bats and field mice sleep nearly all winter, too. Now I have told you all I know about the winter sleepers."

"Well, good-by, Mr. Monkey! You have been very kind to tell me so much."

shivering, trembling.

marmots, animals that gnaw like

autumn, fall of the year.

a squirrel.

understand, know.

soundly, thoroughly.

Name the animals that sleep through the cold weather.

What do they do to make ready for their long winter nap?

Can you think of any reason why the bear is as fat when he wakes as when he went to sleep three months before?

Copy:

Animals that sleep through the winter are called *hibernating* animals.

LESSON XXVII.

bīt ter	sōl'id	de plōr'ing	cush'ionēd
piērcēd	strēams	thrīft'y	squir'rels

A Thrifty Family.

'Twas a bitter cold morning ; the new-fallen snow
 Had pierced every crack where a snowflake could
 go ;

The streams were all solid, the ice hard and clear ;
 And even the fishes were chilly, I fear.

Nearly all the wild creatures, the fierce and the bold,
 Sighed sadly for summer, deploring the cold.
 But one thrifty family, as you must know,
 Was breakfasting merrily under the snow.

Close by a tall tree, in a hole in the ground,
 Which led to a parlor, with leaves cushioned round,
 Five jolly red squirrels were sitting at ease,
 And eating their breakfast as gay as you please.

pierced, entered.
deploring, regretting.

bitter cold, very cold.
thrifty, saving.

Why were the squirrels better off than their neighbors this
 cold morning ?

Do all squirrels lay up a winter's supply of food ?

LESSON XXVIII.

screeam	par'rot	scold'ing	de stroy'
na'tives	tree'trunk	coast	gray
bath'ing	sleep'ing	sep'a ra ting	al low'
shriek'ing	squall'ing	set'tle	mis'er y

The Bird that Talks.

1. Of all birds the parrot is one of the most interesting, because he can learn to talk. You may have seen tame parrots, and heard many curious stories about them. But have you heard how they live when they are wild and free? I will tell you.

2. Gray parrots with red tails live in the forests of Africa. They go about in small flocks, eating and bathing together, and from morning till night they chatter and scream as loud as they can.

3. The common green parrots are natives of Central America and South America. Like their African cousins, they go in crowds, nest in hollow trees, and shriek and chatter nearly all the time. Some of them become good talkers, though the gray ones are thought to be better.

4. On the west coast of Africa there is a mountain called the Peak of Parrots. It is the home of thousands of these birds. They delight in its big trees, which are thickly covered with vines.

5. They spend their time eating nuts and fruit, and taking short trips to the gardens near by, where they are not welcome, because they



destroy so much fruit.

6. The funniest thing about parrots is the way they sleep. They are so fond of a crowd that even at bed-time they don't

like to be alone. So every hollow tree-trunk in parrot-land is full every night of sleeping parrots.

7. A traveller in Africa tells us what he saw. About four o'clock in the afternoon the birds began to come screaming and squalling from all quarters.

8. All the little flocks, as they arrived, plunged at once into the same tree to settle for the night. There was room enough, of course, for the first dozen or two, but others kept coming, and every parrot wanted a bed in that same tree.

9. At last the tree was full; in fact, it must have been fairly packed with birds. Then the screaming, and scolding, and quarrelling that came from that crowded bedroom were fearful to hear. It was a long time before the chatterers were asleep.

10. Parrots are so fond of keeping together that they never think of separating even to save their lives. If one out of a flock is shot, the rest will not leave it and fly away, but will stay around till every one is killed.

11. Should one of a flock happen to be left alone, he cannot join another party, for the birds know him to be a stranger and will not allow it. He must live alone, which to a parrot is misery.

natives of, born in.

coast, sea-shore.

allow it, let it be done.

squalling, screaming.

settle, go to rest.

misery, great unhappiness.

Write from memory a short story about parrots.

LESSON XXIX.

crÿs'tals	drift'ed	ô'cean	clouds
dî'a monds	dew'drop	vâ'por	shône
mill'ions	tûcked	chill	mâss
hòv'ered	warmth	clîng	hîd'ing

Pronounce *millions*, mill'yunz ; *ocean*, ô'shun.

Bright, Sprite, and White.

1. Once three tiny drops of water, named Bright, Sprite, and White, were swimming about in the ocean, far from land. It was just before sunrise, and the sky above them was rosy red.

"Bright," said Sprite, "let's fly a little to-day, instead of swimming all the time."

2. "Why, Sprite," replied Bright, "I really begin to feel something, I can't tell what, pulling me up out of the ocean. Do you suppose it can be—" but, before he could say another word, the first golden rays of the sun shone upon the waves, and the two drops felt themselves gently lifted into the air.

3. "White! White!" they both called, "are you not coming too?"

"Yes, I am already in the air. But I cannot see either of you."

4. The drops could really no longer be seen, for

the warmth of the sun had changed each one of them into vapor. Vapor is light. It can fly. So, away and away, far from their ocean home, our three gay friends flew, over sea and land, on a journey through the air.

5. "I wish I could shine like the sun," said Bright.

"I want to have some fun," said Sprite.

"I should like to help some one," said White.

6. All day long they floated in the air. Toward evening Bright found himself near the earth, just above a green meadow. As he hovered near the ground, he brushed against a blade of grass.

7. Suddenly a chill shot through him and he clung to the blade. Slowly but certainly Bright felt himself grow colder and heavier. He was changed by the chill of the evening air to a drop of water again.

8. When the morning came, he could see the grass about him sparkling with dew-drops that shone like millions of diamonds. He knew that he, too, was a dew-drop. Some children, going to school, passed through the meadow. "Oh, see the lovely dew!" they cried. "It shines like the sun."

Bright had his wish.

9. It was days before Sprite was seen again. With thousands of his playmates he floated about

in the air, now high up among the clouds, now near the earth. They were a happy, lively, little company.

10. One night, when everybody was tucked up in warm blankets, and fast asleep, they flew slyly down to the earth for some sport.

11. Some of them drew funny pictures, and some traced beautiful frost-flowers on the window-panes. Still others covered the ground with tiny crystals.

12. In the morning people said, "What a frost we had last night! Jack is a sly fellow." Sprite listened, and laughed to himself, for he knew that he was a little Jack Frost himself.

Sprite had his fun.

13. White still floated on among the clouds. One afternoon the cloud in which he rested met the North Wind and something curious happened.

14. One after another of White's playmates in the cloud took to himself little white wings and drifted away to the earth. At length he, too, had wings. Light and downy as a feather, he drifted downward with thousands and thousands of others just like himself. He softly fell on a field where a farmer had sown his wheat.

15. A child standing by the window cried, "Oh, see the beautiful snow!" White knew that he now was a snow-flake and that he and his friends had

been sent to cover the fields and keep the young wheat warm through the long, cold winter.

White had his wish. He was useful to some one.

16. And did Dew-Bright, and Frost-Sprite, and Snow-White ever see one another again? Yes, indeed! They all found their way once more to their ocean home, and since I first heard of them they have journeyed hundreds and hundreds of times through the air and back to ocean again.

drifted, went at random.

vapor, steam.

hovered, floated in the air.

chill, feeling of coldness.

mass, a quantity.

crystals, tiny particles of ice.

Write the answers in complete sentences.

What happened to the three drops of water one morning?

Tell the story of Bright's journey.

Describe Sprite's journey.

What became of White?

How did the dew, the frost, and the snow find their way back to the ocean again?

Find the words that mean more than one, and write the other words so that they shall mean more than one.

teeth

fly

wolves

mouse

leaves

scissors

ox

goose

loaf

spoonful

house

box

LESSON XXX.

böll	flee cy	créam
rē'gion (-jun)	stā'ple	mōw'ing
lōckṣ	Sa vān'nah	rāk'ing
ar rī'val	en joyed'	in vënt'ed

The Cotton Plant.

PART I.

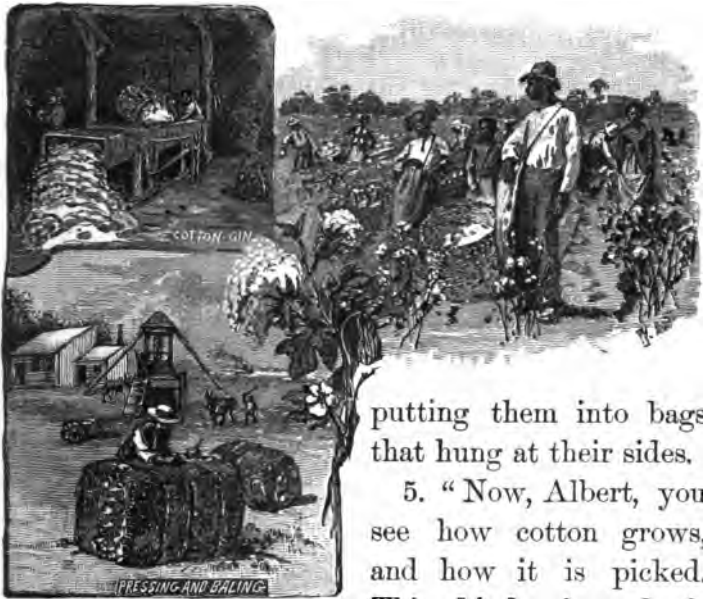
1. When Albert Wise was twelve years old his father let him go from his home in New York to visit his uncle in Georgia. In the villages and country through which he passed he saw many things that were new and strange. But nothing seemed stranger or more beautiful than the fields of cotton that he saw from the cars, as they rolled swiftly on through the cotton-growing region.

2. He had seen cotton on the docks in the harbor of New York, but never before had he seen it growing. He was glad to think that he should learn all about it while on his uncle's plantation. The first morning after his arrival, he begged his uncle to take him into the cotton fields.

3. It was the middle of September, and the fields were white with the fleecy staple. Albert was delighted. There were long rows of plants about three feet high, bearing pretty blossoms, some cream-colored, some pink; and a kind of pod or

“boll,” as it is called, from which the fluffy cotton was bursting forth.

4. Men, women, and children were hard at work picking the soft white locks from the bolls, and



putting them into bags that hung at their sides.

5. “Now, Albert, you see how cotton grows, and how it is picked.

This kind of work is very different from the mowing and raking of hay of which you have seen so much in the North.”

6. “Indeed it is,” said Albert. “I think I should never tire of such work as this. It is real fun,” he said, as he drew a lock of cotton from one of the open bolls.

7. “Yes, Albert, it is fun for you now, but soon

the sun will make it very warm here and then you will not think it such fun. But people who are used to the hot sun of the South do not seem to mind it very much."

8. When Albert had enjoyed the sport of cotton-picking for awhile, he was glad enough to go with his uncle to finish their talk in the shade of the fine old oak that stood in front of the house.

9. "What do you find besides the cotton?" his uncle asked, as Albert was tearing open a lock of cotton which he had brought from the field.

"Ever so many little black seeds," replied Albert, "and see, uncle, how the cotton sticks to them. How do you get it off?"

10. "That is done by a machine called a cotton-gin, Albert. Once it had to be done by hand, and then it took a long time to get enough cotton to make a pair of trousers. The cotton-gin does the work very quickly. It has a great many round saws about the size of a dinner plate. These are made to go round very fast. They have hundreds of fine sharp teeth, which catch hold of the cotton and tear it from the seed.

11. "The gin was invented many years ago, by Eli Whitney, who lived near Savannah; but the gins which we have now are much better than the first that were made."

12. "I should like to see a gin," said Albert.

"You shall," replied his uncle. "You can see the gin-house from here, on the other side of the fields. Some day soon I will take you there when the gin is at work."

region, country.

locks, small bunches of cotton.

staple, fibre of cotton.

invented, first made.

fleecy, like wool.

boll, a round pod.

LESSON XXXI.

vál'ú a ble

wēav'ing

sūits

ěx hi bí'tion

fēr'ti lizing

ār'ti cleş

cōm'merçe

At lan'ta

pow'er fūl

cli'mate

bāleş

prěssed

The Cotton Plant.

PART II.

1. "There must be a great many seeds from such large cotton-fields, uncle. What becomes of them all?"

2. "The finest will be kept for planting next year, but most of them will be sold to the oil mills. There they are put into a press and the oil is squeezed from them.

3. "A hard cake is left in the press. This is

ground into meal, which the planters use for feeding cattle and for fertilizing the cotton-fields.

"Cotton-seed oil is one of the most valuable articles of commerce."

4. "Does the cotton plant ever grow wild, uncle?"

"Yes, in Africa, where the climate is much warmer than ours; but it cannot stand the cold of our winters. One hard frost kills it."

5. "Then the fields must be planted every year?"

"Yes, every year, in March or April, the seeds are planted. In a week or ten days the plants show themselves.

6. "By the last of June they begin to bloom. In the morning, when the blooms open, they are of a light cream color, later in the day they change to a deep pink. They die and fall off the second day, and then the bolls begin to form. They grow very fast, and become as large as a small egg.

7. "When the seeds are ripe, the hot sun bursts the bolls open and shows the beautiful snow-white cotton within. Then, as you now see, the picking goes on. The fields are alive with busy workers. After that the cotton must be packed into bales to be sent away.

8. "You have seen great wagons in New York

piled high with such bales. If the cotton were put loosely into sacks, it would take up a great deal of room because it is so fluffy. For this reason it is squeezed in a great press.

9. "That strange-looking thing that you see at the end of the gin-house, with two long arms, is the press. There the cotton is pressed and baled. But for sending far away it is best to have the bales still smaller. So in some of the large cities there are more powerful presses than we have on our plantations, and in them the bales are pressed and made a great deal smaller. You shall go to Savannah next week and see one of these 'compresses,' as they are called, at work."

10. "What becomes of all the cotton, uncle?"

"A great deal of it goes to other countries, but much is used in the United States. In the cotton-mills it is cleaned and spun into threads. The threads are woven into cloth, and the cloth is cut up and made into clothes and other useful articles.

11. "Some years ago a great cotton exhibition was held in Atlanta. All the machines for ginning, spinning, and weaving cotton into cloth were shown in one building. In a field near by the cotton itself was growing.

12. "One morning some of this cotton was picked in the field and carried to the hall, where it was

twisted into thread, woven into cloth, and made into suits, which were presented to some gentlemen and worn by them on the evening of the very same day."

weaving, making cloth.

exhibition, display, show.

suits, clothes.

climate, weather.

commerce, trade.

fertilizing, enriching.

How is cotton gathered ?

What is done with the cotton after it is picked ?

What is done to it after it reaches the cotton-mills ?

Name some articles of wear which are made from cotton.

What use is made of cotton seeds ?

Copy and unite the sentences in each group by the use of but.

James went to school.

John went nutting.

Mary promised to bring me a rose.

She forgot it.

Jennie was to have a birthday party.

She did not tell the girls.

She wished to surprise them.

Jennie's little brother told them.

Commit to memory :

You should have a place for everything, and everything in its place.

LESSON XXXII.

sprout ferns moss'es num'ber

Waiting to Grow.

Little white snowdrop, just waking up,
Violet, daisy, and sweet buttercup!
Think of the flowers that are under the snow
Waiting to grow!

And think what a number of queer little seeds
Of flowers and mosses, of ferns and of weeds,
Are under the leaves and under the snow
Waiting to grow!

Think of the roots getting ready to sprout,
Reaching their slender, brown fingers about,
Under the ice and the leaves and the snow,
Waiting to grow!

No seed is so small, or hidden so well
That God cannot find it; and soon he will tell
His sun where to shine and his rain where to go,
Making it grow!

Why must the little flowers wait?
What are "their slender, brown fingers"?
Which are the waiting months and which the growing
months?

LESSON XXXIII.

cô'zy	at tén'tion	hîth'er	chô'rus
tăd'pôles	trans pār'ent	côn'çert	mū sic
spěcks	wăist'côat	mĭn'nôw	quĭlts
wrĭg'gling	trou'sers	thĭth'er	rŭshes

My Friend in Green.

1. At the foot of my garden lives a little neighbor whom I call "my friend in green." He always wears a close-fitting jacket of green, as bright as silk and as soft as velvet. His waistcoat and trousers are white, and though he lives a great deal in the mud, he always keeps them clean. That is strange, is it not?

2. If my friend, Mr. Frog, thinks danger is near, he dives right into the mud, and is quickly out of sight. But look! he has popped up his little nose and shining eyes again. Not a speck of mud or sand is upon them, and jacket and trousers are as clean as if they had just been washed.

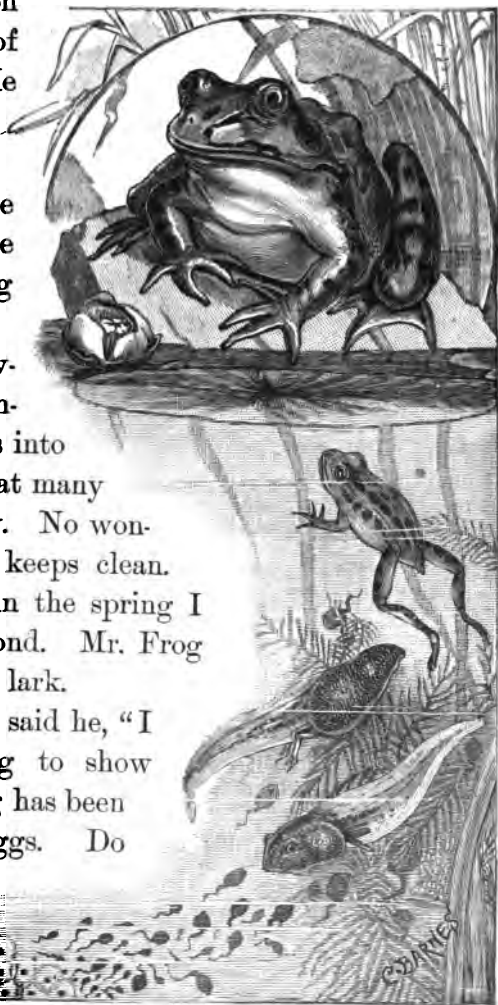
3. But stranger than this is what my friend does when cold weather comes. He has no feathers, or wool, or hair to keep him warm. What do you think he does? He goes to bed in the mud and sleeps all winter long. Underneath the ice and the water and mud he is just as cozy as if he had wrapped himself up in blankets and quilts.

4. When winter is over the mud-bed is left, and Froggie hops on to the bank of the pond. He is fond of the light and the warmth of the sun. But he never stays long on the bank.

He likes diving and swimming. He goes into the water a great many times every day. No wonder he always keeps clean.

5. One day in the spring I went to the pond. Mr. Frog was as gay as a lark.

"My friend," said he, "I have something to show you. Mrs. Frog has been laying some eggs. Do



look ! how pretty they are ! They are floating just by those rushes. The water is shallow and warm, and they soon will be hatched."

6. I looked, and saw in the water some transparent jelly, dotted all over with little black specks.

"What is that, Mr. Frog ?" I asked.

7. "That ?" he replied. "Why, those are the eggs. Don't you see them ? There are lovely little black eggs all through the jelly."

"Oh, yes !" I said, "I see those specks. So those are eggs. And will those tiny dots hatch out into real frogs ?"

8. "Ha ! ha !" laughed Mr. Frog. "Not exactly, my dear madame ! A real frog"—(here he stretched his neck, and puffed himself out till I thought he would burst)—"a real frog is not made all at once. Wait a while, and you will see what a wonderful thing will happen."

So I waited, and went again and again to the pond ; and at last a wonderful thing did happen.

9. One bright morning the specks had all gone from the jelly, and more than a hundred little creatures not longer than my finger-nail were wriggling about in the water. Not one had a leg or a fin. They were all head and tail, and black as an ink-spot.

10. On the top of a stone sat my friend in green.

As he watched his dear little tadpoles dart hither and thither, his bright eyes grew brighter with joy.

11. "Here, Pollywig, Tadpole, Toe-biter," he called, "come and say 'good morning' to my friend."

But the tadpoles only wriggled their tails and darted about, now this way, now that, and paid no attention to me.

12. "They are young," said their father, "just out of the egg. Some day they'll know better, I hope. They've just found a dead minnow, I see. That will make them a good dinner.

13. "You must come every few days, my friend, and see how fast and how strangely they'll grow. Pretty soon they'll have legs. The hind ones come first. They grow out from the body, you'll see. Then some days after that the two front legs will come. They just push themselves out through the skin.

14. "And then you will be surprised some fine day to see that these long tails have all gone away, and instead of tails to move them about, the dear little things will have four legs just like mine, and be able to hop and come out of the water and jump on the land.

15. "And then there's another thing. Now, they don't speak, but when they get legs and can

hop, they'll sing too. Come down to the pond in a very few weeks, then you'll have music—a concert, indeed. Just think of a chorus of one hundred frogs. I shall teach them to sing. You must come down and hear us, my friend.”

chorus, company of singers.

cozy, snug.

rushes, marsh plants.

transparent, clear.

hither and thither, to this place and to that.

What reason can you give for calling the frog “ My Friend in Green ” ?

How does he spend the winter ?

How do frog's eggs look ?

What are baby frogs called, and how do they look ?

What changes take place as the frogs grow ?

Describe the picture.

Drill the class frequently upon the correct pronunciation of words ending in ing.

going	reading	singing	shouting
blowing	running	sitting	laughing

USE AN EXCLAMATION POINT (!) *after every word or group of words that is an exclamation.*

Copy these words and sentences, and remember the rule.

Ah ! Halloo ! Away ! Away !

Oh, the dear little bird ! What a beautiful day !

LESSON XXXIV.

shēp'hērd	croōk'ed	faith'ful	guide
moun'tains	cōm pān'ions	cōn tents'	false
fōr'est	wān'der	sār prīse'	wēalth
fāmed	at tēnd'ants	ēx pēnse'	rāth'r

The Faithful Shepherd-boy.

1. A German shepherd-boy called Herman was watching his flock one day in a valley among the mountains. Near by was a forest famed for its deer and other game.

2. The sun had already gone down behind the mountain-tops, and the valley and forest were both growing dark, when a hunter came out of the woods, and asked Herman how far it was to the nearest village.

3. "Six miles, sir," replied the boy; "but the pathway is only a sheep-track, and very easily missed."

4. The hunter glanced at the crooked track, and said, "My lad, I am tired and hungry and thirsty. I have lost my companions and missed my way. If you will leave your sheep and show me the path, I will pay you well."

5. "I am very sorry, sir," said Herman. "I would gladly guide you on your way, but I cannot leave

my sheep. They might wander into the forest, and be eaten by wolves, or stolen by robbers."

6. "Well, what of that?" replied the hunter. "They are not your sheep. The loss of one or more would not be much to your master, and I will give you more money than you have ever earned in a whole year."

7. "I cannot go, sir," said Herman. "My time is not my own. It belongs to my master. He pays me for it."

8. "Well," said the hunter, "will you trust your sheep with me, while you go to the village and get me some food and a guide? I will take good care of the sheep while you are gone."

9. The boy shook his head, and said, "I wish I could go, sir, but I cannot trust my sheep with a stranger; I am afraid they might be lost."

"What! Can you not trust me? Do I look like a rogue?"

10. "No, sir," said the boy, "you do not, but you want me to break my word to my master. How do I know that you would keep your word and take good care of my sheep?"

11. The hunter was silent. Then after a moment he said, "You are a good, faithful boy. Show me the path, and I will try to find my way to the village alone."

12. Herman now offered to the hungry man the contents of his shepherd's bag. He had nothing in it but some very brown bread and some cheese made from goat's milk. The hunter gladly ate them.

13. Before he had finished eating his attendants came up; and Herman found, to his great surprise, that he had been talking with the Grand Duke, the ruler of all the country round.

14. The Duke was so pleased with the boy's honesty and courage, that he sent for him soon after, and asked him what he most needed.

"Sir," said the boy, "my parents are poor and I have to work all the time. If only I could go to school, I should be so happy."

15. "You shall go to school," said the Duke. "I will send you at my own expense, and I will see that your father and mother are well cared for until you can work for them again."

16. The Duke kept his word, and Herman was faithful in his study at school, as he had been in the care of his sheep. In after years he gained wealth and power, but, better than this, he earned a good name, and was known as a wise and honest man.

17. It was hard for the shepherd-boy to be faithful that evening in the valley when the Duke

offered him so much money. Like many other boys, he had to choose between honesty and money. He chose to be honest, and a very wise choice he made.

"A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches."

famed, well known.
wander, lose the way.
expense, cost.
attendants, servants.

Why would Herman not leave his sheep ?
 Why would he not trust them with the stranger ?
 What do you think of Herman's conduct ?
 What did the Duke think of it ?
 What is worth more than silver and gold ?

Write the answers to the following questions in complete sentences.

What word means *not contented? not happy? not possible? not convenient?*

What do *dis*, *un*, *im*, and *in* mean in the words which you have just written ?

Write a list of words that begin with these syllables.

USE AN APOSTROPHE (') *to show where letters have been left out ; as I'm for I am ; don't for do not. Copy and abbreviate the following words :*

did not
 is not

can not
 must not

he is
 I have

LESSON XXXV.

un'like	brill'iant (-yant)	mid'dle	tinged
freeze	dél'icate	ex cept'	hab'it
stick'y	strug'gling	blink'ing	es cape'

About Toads.

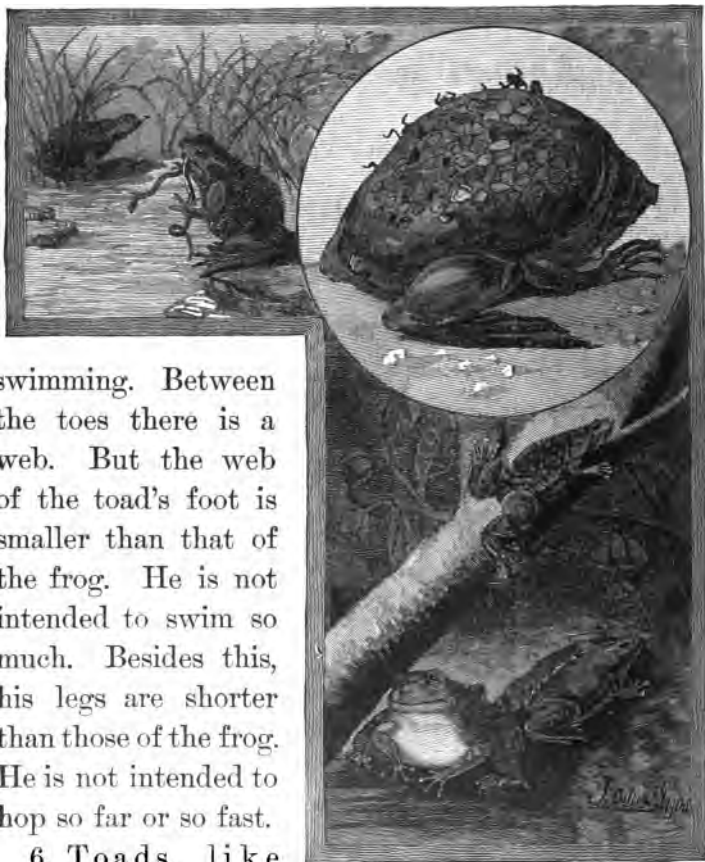
1. Awhile ago we talked of "My Friend in Green." I am going to tell you something now about his cousin, the toad.

2. First of all, I must tell you in what the toad is like, and in what he is unlike, the frog. The two look much alike, and when toads are very young they swim about just as young frogs do, but you never saw full-grown toads take a swim. They seldom go into the water except to lay their eggs.

3. The young of the toad are hatched from eggs that are very like those of frogs. You would find it hard to tell a young toad from a young frog. Both are black little tadpoles or polliwigs, all head and tail when first they come out of the egg.

4. Very soon the two front legs come out from under the skin, and next the two hind legs. Then the funniest thing you can think of takes place; the tail disappears. After this the young toad says good-by to his cousin, the frog, and hops out of the water, and then lives most of his time on the land.

5. If you look at the hind legs of either the frog or the toad, you will see that they are made for



swimming. Between the toes there is a web. But the web of the toad's foot is smaller than that of the frog. He is not intended to swim so much. Besides this, his legs are shorter than those of the frog. He is not intended to hop so far or so fast.

6. Toads, like frogs, are too wise to stay out in the cold and freeze to death. When the winter draws near, they make holes in the ground and sleep there till spring.

7. When the frost comes out of the ground and the gardener digs the garden, it is waking-time for the sleepers. Worms and insects can then be caught, and the toads leave their winter bed.

8. But where do you think we must look for toads? Sitting, like frogs, on stones or logs to enjoy the bright cheer of the sunshine? Oh, no! Mr. Toad spends his time in the shade. He will often scratch away the earth underneath a stone, to make a place where he can sit quite out of the sunlight. He would like to have evening all day.

9. You may think that a toad must be a dull, stupid creature if he does not like sunshine, and sleeps nearly half the year. Well, look! and you'll see how wrong you are.

10. Watch him catching an insect. It flies before him. His eyes are sharp, and his tongue is swift. The tip of that tongue is covered with something sticky. He darts it out, and only just touches the insect. But that is enough. The little thing cannot escape.

11. Worms twice as long as himself Mr. Toad will take for dinner. I wish you could have seen the old fellow I found in my garden one morning.

12. He had just caught a very big worm, and was holding it by the middle with his powerful jaws. The worm was wriggling. Oh, how it

wriggled! Master Toad did not mind that in the least. He used his little fore-paws like hands, and, bit by bit, inch by inch, crammed his struggling breakfast into his mouth.

13. At last all was in; the big mouth closed with a snap; down went the worm, and, blinking wisely, as much as to say, "How good that was!" Master Toad crawled away to look for another.

14. Some toads spend part of their time in trees, and so they are called tree-toads. Queer birds, you may think. Many of them are bright green. One has a back and head of brilliant blue, while his under part is pure white, sometimes tinged with a delicate rose-color.

15. Some tree-toads can change their color whenever they wish. You may see one of these little fellows sitting on a moss-covered stone, himself as green as the moss; presently he hops to a brown tree-trunk, and lo! in a moment he is green no more, but as brown as the tree.

16. Then, perhaps for no other reason at all except his own amusement, he will turn yellow, then white, and then go back to green or brown once more. Just think how convenient.

17. There is a kind of toad that lives in South America which has a curious habit. The mother-toad carries her babies in little pockets all over her

back, and there she keeps them until they are almost grown up.

brilliant, bright.

tinged, colored.

escape, get away.

blinking, winking.

habit, custom.

except, only.

In what points are toads and frogs alike ?

How do they differ ?

In what way is the toad useful ?

Describe the tree-toad.

What curious toad lives in South America ?

LESSON XXXVI.

tôr'toise (-tîs)

lêast

a pôl'o gîze

de çide'

nêi'ther

mîles

pêr se vêr'ançe

a greed'

swift'ness

gôal

ô ver took'

brîsk'ly

The Hare and the Tortoise.

1. A hare one day overtook a tortoise, creeping along with her heavy house on her back.

“Ah, good-morning, Neighbor Tortoise !” said the hare. “You are out early to-day. How briskly you walk, to be sure ! Have you been many miles since sunrise ? Come, try a race with me, will you ?”

2. "Good-morning, Neighbor Hare," slowly answered the tortoise. "I have not walked very far this morning, and might try a race with you. How far shall it be?"

3. "To yonder tree," said the hare.

"No," said the tortoise, "that is not far enough."

4. "Just as you please, Neighbor Tortoise," politely answered the hare. "Suppose we say five miles, then; will that suit you?"

"Quite well," answered the tortoise.

5. The hare laughed to think what a long journey the slow, clumsy tortoise would have. As for himself, he thought, it did not make the least difference. Five miles or five rods were quite the same to him.

6. "The fox," said the tortoise, "shall decide who has won the race."

At this the hare was greatly amused, but he called the fox, who agreed to decide the race.

7. When the hare and the tortoise were ready, the fox told them to start as soon as he lifted his paw three times from the ground. The signal was given, and off they went.

8. The hare was soon out of sight, but the tortoise seemed scarcely to move. When half-way to the goal the hare stopped for breath, and looked back for the tortoise. She was nowhere to be seen.

9. "I need not hurry myself," he said, "I may as well rest a little and then I can easily win the race. It is quite as pleasant to wait here awhile as to wait so long for the tortoise at the goal."

So saying, the hare stretched himself in the shade, and soon was fast asleep.

10. The tortoise came creeping along. She spied the sleeping hare.

"Quite as I thought," she said to herself. "The hare is so swift that he forgets how necessary it is to keep straight on to the end. I may yet be there first."

11. The tortoise lost no time, but neither could she hurry, so there was yet chance for the hare to overtake her. But now, see, there is the tree that marks the goal, and the tortoise is nearly there. In a moment the hare comes bounding along, but he is too late, you see.

12. "Master Hare," said the fox, "you will please apologize to the tortoise for making sport of her this morning, and own that her perseverance was better than your swiftness."

MORAL.—The slow and steady often win the race.

tortoise, a slow, creeping animal.

goal, end of race.

apologize, beg pardon.

perseverance, steadily going on.

decide, say who won.

overtook, came up with

LESSON XXXVII.

whirl	au'tumn	scät'ter	höl'lôw
tân'gle	blös'soms	hür'ry	yël'lôw

The Wind.

1. High and low

The spring winds blow !

They take the kites of the boys at play,
And carry them off high into the air;
They snatch the little girls' hats away,
And toss and tangle their flowing hair.

2. High and low

The summer winds blow !

They dance and play with the garden flowers,
And bend the grasses and yellow grain;
They rock the bird in the hanging nest,
And dash the rain on the window-pane.

3. High and low

The autumn winds blow !

They frighten the bees and blossoms away,
And whirl the dry leaves over the ground;
They shake the branches of all the trees,
And scatter ripe nuts and apples around.

4. High and low

The winter winds blow !

They fill the hollows with drifts of snow

And sweep on the hills a pathway clear ;

They hurry the children along to school,

And whistle a song for the happy New-Year.

Write the story of this poem in your own language.

Write the answers to the following questions in complete statements.

What word means *with care? with fear? with hope? with joy?*

What word means *without care? without fear? without hope? without joy?*

What do *ful* and *less* mean in these words ?

Make a list of ten words ending in either "ful" or "less."

Drill the class carefully in the pronunciation of the following words.

basket

honest

fearless

business

closet

modest

careless

goodness



LESSON XXXVIII.

ēmp'ty	in dūs'tri oūs	nīm'ble
trūdġ es	jīn'gling	fūt'ūre
live'ly	cūs'tom ers	i'dle
sūc'ġess	strāppəd	whin'ing

Pronounce *future*, fūt'yūr.

Tommy the Bootblack.

1. It is early morning, and half the great city is fast asleep. But Tommy the bootblack is wide awake. His breakfast is eaten, and up the street he briskly trudges, with his box for brushes and blacking strapped on his back.

2. The street is nearly silent. But Tommy whistles a merry tune and keeps time to it with lively step. His pockets are empty, but before dark they will be jingling with pennies and dimes.

3. Tommy earns his living. How does he do it? Does he hold out an idle hand to the passer-by, and cry, in a whining voice, "Please, sir, give me a few cents, I am hungry"? Oh, no! Tommy has something better to do than that. His hand has never been held out to beg.

4. He cheerily sings as the crowd passes by, "Oh, don't you want your boots blacked, sir? I'll make them black as your hat and bright as a diamond.

They'll shine like a dew-drop! You'll see your face in them every time you smile, sir. Only five cents!"

5. Tommy has a pleasant, cozy corner where one large building juts out beyond another. The sun finds its way into it, but the rain is kept out.

6. He picked out this place because he thought customers would find it pleasant to wait there while he blacked their boots. And ever since he chose his corner he has never failed to be there. Hot or cold, wet or dry, early or late, you find him always at his post.

7. Tommy has such a bright, cheery face that it



makes you good-natured to look at him and hear him laugh.

8. When he blacks a pair of boots he gives them a good, honest shine. He never slights his work. So he has a great many customers who take a shine every day, and whose pennies every day go jingling merrily into his pocket.

9. When the day is over he takes up his box and hurries home. If we go there with him we shall learn why it is that he is so industrious.

10. With nimble step he passes through a narrow street, down an alley-way, and then up a dark staircase. He opens a door into a poor but tidy room, and there meets a face as cheery and pleasant as his own. It is his mother's.

11. She has been working hard all day, and is tired ; but she has a bright fire, and some hot potatoes for her boy. And, better still, she has a smile and a cheerful word with which to welcome him.

12. On two evenings in the week, Tommy, after eating his supper and emptying his pockets into his mother's lap, hies away to school.

13. "When I grow up, I want to know something," he often says to himself ; and so he studies as carefully as he shines his customers' boots.

14. He has great plans for the future. He has heard that many great and good men were poor

boys like himself when they began life ; and he sees no reason why he should not do as they have done.

15. " When I am a man," he thinks, " my mother shall not work any more. I will take care of her."

God bless the brave little fellow, and send him success !

trudges, walks.

nimble, quick.

whining, complaining.

future, time to come.

customers, those who are served.

Describe Tommy's corner and tell why he chose it.

What attracts people to him ?

What does he do with the money he earns ?

When does he go to school ?

What does he hope to do when he grows up ?



LESSON XXXIX.

cûr'tains	brêathèd	wide a wâke'	ligh't'er
ûp'ward	glôws	hêad'âches	hêat'ed
côrk	chîm'ney	ex tîn'guish er	cûrêd
drow'sy	wôrn'out	ârm'-châir	breeze

A Fresh-air Talk.

It is a winter evening. A wild snow-storm is howling about our windows ; but it is cozy and

bright in our room. The logs on the hearth blaze high, and the light from the fire glows on the red curtains.

Round the fire are seated Kittie and Sue, Mary and Dick. I am in my arm-chair, and Tom is lying on the rug. Hark—how the wind roars!

Tom (trying to look up the chimney). I don't see why this chimney has to be so large.

Uncle. It must be large to let the stream out.

Kittie and Sue (together). The stream? What do you mean, uncle?

Uncle. Well, girls, your eyes are pretty bright, but not quite sharp enough to see all that is going on about you. There is a stream of old air going up the chimney, as large and as swift as a brook.

Kittie. Why, how funny to think of a brook running up instead of down! How can streams go up?

Uncle. Air that is heated becomes lighter than the cooler air that is round about it. What then must happen? Suppose you take a cork in your fingers and hold it an instant at the bottom of a basin filled with water, and then let it go. The cork will shoot up to the top of the water.

Just so the heated air will go up through cooler air and make what I call an upward stream. Put your hand a little above the lamp, and you will feel such an upward stream.

Dick. And, Uncle, what do you mean by "old air"?

Uncle. I mean by old air that which has once been breathed, or which has once passed through a fire. Air that has once been breathed may be called old, because it is not fit to be breathed again.

And air that has once passed through the fire and made it burn may also be called old, because it will not make the fire burn again.

Old shoes and old hats and dresses, you know, are nearly, if not quite, worn out. When dresses are old, you need new ones, don't you, girls? Well, just so fires must have new air, and we must breathe new air in place of this which is old and worn out.

A strange thing would happen, if we kept the new air of the room from that fire on the hearth. Can you guess what I mean? Bright as it is, it would all go out. Or if we took one of those blazing logs and shut it up tight in an iron box, it would soon stop burning.

Perhaps you have seen some one put an extinguisher on a lighted candle. What does that do?

Dick. It shuts out the air and puts out the light.

Uncle. Yes. Well, just as fires and lights go out, if they have no new air, so boys and girls can't live in old air.

If you shut up a man in a box so that no new or

fresh air could reach him, he would die just as surely as if you should cut off his head. And if people stay long in rooms shut up so tight that plenty of new air cannot come in, they get drowsy and tired.

Sometimes, Sue, you have headaches in school. When you reach home, you find that the headache is cured. The worn-out air of the schoolroom gives it. The fresh air takes it away.

Kittie. But I should think there would be no air left in the room with such a big stream going out all the time.

Uncle. O, there are plenty of ways for fresh air to come in. The doors and windows of this room are all shut tight. But go and put your hands on the sill of the window. What do you feel?

Kittie. Why, Uncle, the wind blows right in, and, dear me, here on this sill is some snow—quite a drift.

Uncle. Yes, Kittie. And now put your hand at the bottom of the door. You feel another breeze there, do you not?

Kittie. Yes, indeed, and a strong one too. Why, I never thought that the air came in through shut doors and windows.

Uncle. You see that it does. But enough new

air does not come in, if doors and windows are all kept shut. They ought sometimes to be opened.

Now, Tom, you can see why the chimney is made so big, and you all know what I mean by the stream of old air that goes up the chimney, and I think you can understand why I so often say that the windows of your schoolroom should be opened every day at recess.

The old and worn-out air that makes you dull and gives you headaches must be let out, and the sweet, fresh air must be let in, to make you all wide-awake and ready for work.

extinguisher, cap to put out
a candle.

lighter, less heavy.

drowsy, sleepy.

cured, made well.

glows, shines.

In what part of the room is the air warmest ?

What is "old air" ?

If no pure air can get to the fire what will happen ?

If a man is shut up so that no pure air can reach him what will happen ?

In what way is a room kept supplied with fresh air ?

Form as many new words as you can by uniting the syllables ly, in, un, dis, less, ful, and ness, with the following words :

please

care

clear

certain

kind

play

complete

attentive

good

agree

fear

like

LESSON XL.

prāi'rie	dif'fer ěnt	scāt'ter'ed	de'sert'ed
mounds	sĕn'ti nĕl	sĭx teen'	rāt'tle snākes
bŭr'rōwĕ	scŭt'tling	sŭd'dĕn ly	ŭn wĕl'cōme
out'skirts	ĭn'stant ly	ōr'ders	ap pĕar'ānce

The Prairie Dog.

1. Why is a prairie dog called a dog, when really he is not a dog at all? And if he is not a dog, what is he? Is he a cat, or a rabbit, or a blue-nosed ape? No, none of these. If you will listen to me, I will tell you something about him.

2. Mr. Prairie Dog of Dogtown is really first cousin to the woodchuck, second cousin to the squirrel, and belongs to the marmot family.

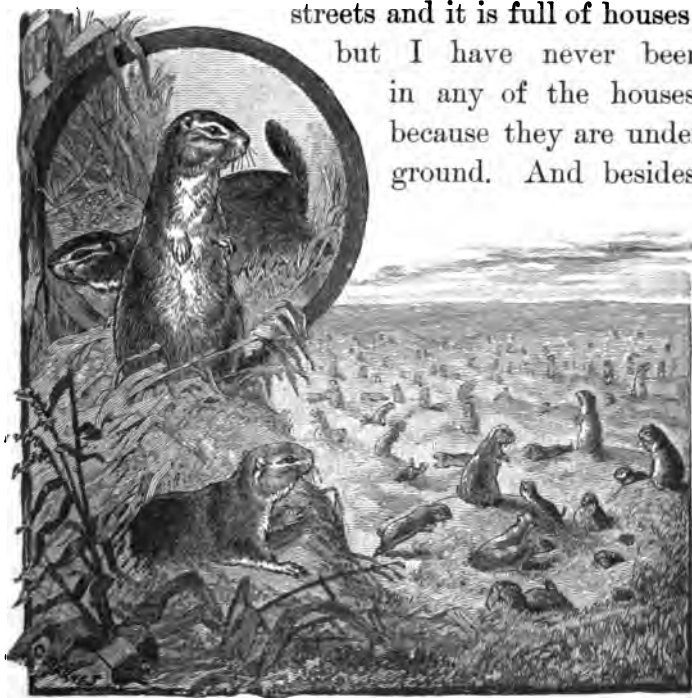
3. The only reasons that I know for calling him a dog are, first, because he barks; and, second, because he wags his tail.

4. He is a funny little animal, about sixteen inches long, with a warm coat of fur, brown and black and gray all mixed together; and he has snapping black eyes, and snapping white teeth, only the two kinds of "snap" are very different.

5. He lives, and his parents live, and hundreds and hundreds of his brothers and sisters and uncles and cousins live in many dogtowns, which are

scattered far and wide over the great prairies of the West.

6. Do you want to know what a dogtown is like? Well, first of all, like other towns, it has streets and it is full of houses ; but I have never been in any of the houses, because they are underground. And besides,



I think that I might be too big to get into them.

7. At the door of each house stands a mound of earth, on the top of which one may often see the little owner sitting, wagging his tail, and barking as loud as he can.

8. All his neighbors are either sitting on their mounds and barking, or else running up and down the streets, or scuttling down into their houses; and so the town has a very lively appearance.

9. One big dog rules the town. He is like the mayor of a city. He sits on his mound and gives orders to this one and that one, who run, jump, scuttle, or burrow, just as he tells them. But how does he tell them? you ask. By a jerk of his tail or a turn of his nose.

10. Suddenly, just as he is giving orders about the digging of some new burrows in a certain street, a sharp, loud "Yap!" is heard from the outskirts of the town.

11. That is the sentinel's bark. It means "Danger! Into your houses, quick, all of you! Yap! yip! bow-wow-wow!"

12. Instantly the big dog tumbles off his mound and into his house. All his friends do the same. The streets are a whirl of flying dust, flying legs, and wagging tails. Then pop! pop! down they all go. In two minutes the town seems deserted. No sign of life is to be seen.

13. So these funny little fellows live in their funny little town.

But there is one more thing about them that I must tell you, which is very curious.

14. They sometimes have strange visitors who seem to think that the snug underground houses of Dogtown are their own homes. These visitors are—what do you think? Rattlesnakes and owls!

15. The snakes, I think, must be rather unwelcome, for they often eat up the baby dogs. This is very rude, to say the least.

16. But the little burrowing owl is a peaceful body, gives no trouble, and may, for aught I know, help with the family work. Perhaps she washes the dishes, or makes the beds, or watches by night with her bright, big eyes—who knows?

17. If you are ever invited to visit Dogtown be sure to go, and be sure to take me.

prairie, a grassy plain.

burrows, holes in the
ground to live in.

outskirts, borders.

scuttling, hurrying.

sentinel, one watching.

orders, commands.

deserted, forsaken.

unwelcome, not gladly received.

instantly, at once.

Write your answers in complete statements.

How does a prairie dog look? Where is he found?

Tell what you can about a dogtown.

What takes place when the sentinel's bark is heard?

What reasons are given for calling the prairie dog a dog?

What animals does he most resemble?

What visitors are sometimes found in a dogtown?

LESSON XLI.

păt'tern	ex cū'ses	Eū'rope	būt'ter flies
nōn'sense	hūck'le-berrīes	sīl'ver	re tūrnəd'
chāīnəd	plēas'ure	Alps	Swīt'zer land
dōl'lar	ob jēc'tions	count'ed	mān'ner

Pronounce *Europe*, ū'rup; *objections*, ob jēk'shunz; *pleasure*, plezh'ur.

Snakes and Butterflies.

1. George Sturtevant was reading his new story-book, when his mother entered the room.

"George, I wish you would run over to Mrs. Crosby's and ask her for my sleeve-pattern."

2. "Oh, dear!" said George; "it's so cold, mother."

"Nonsense, a stout boy like you talking about the cold! Put on your cap and go."

"I'm afraid of Jack."

"Jack is chained."

3. "He wasn't chained yesterday. I saw him running round the yard."

"Yes, but Mr. Crosby was with him then. Run along, and don't talk any more about it."

4. "I'm lame; I tumbled down yesterday."

"Lame! a boy lame who was out playing football an hour ago! Don't make any more excuses. Get ready and go at once."

5. George sat still after his mother had gone. Uncle Ezra looked sharply at him, and said, "Three snakes, George."

"No, they are not snakes," replied George, his round face turning red.

"Oh, I thought they were."

6. George left the room. Pretty soon his fur cap bobbed past the window.

"There he goes," said Uncle Ezra. "George always runs when I speak of snakes. I told him a snake story the other day, and it has done him good."

And this was the story that Uncle Ezra told.

7. "Years ago I knew a boy called Tom, who had this same habit that George has. He always had an excuse for not doing what he was asked to do. He had a brother named Willie, who was just the opposite.

8. "One summer, when Tom was about fourteen and Willie twelve, Mr. Ames, a friend of their father's, paid them a visit. He was a wealthy gentleman, and in a few days was going to sail for Europe on pleasure.

9. "He kindly offered to take one of the boys with him; but it was hard to decide which of the two should go. At last he said, 'Give the boys

some work to do, and I'll take the one who does it to suit me best.' So the plan was tried.

10. "A day or two after the arrival of Mr. Ames, the mother of the boys asked each of them to take a pail and go to the fields for some huckleberries.

11. "Willie started at once, but Tom had many objections to make. He was tired, his head ached, the sun was too hot, there was an ugly cow in one of the fields he had to cross. However, he went at last, but he lagged behind Willie, and scolded all the way. Mr. Ames listened to all that was said.

12. "Tom returned in about half an hour, with the bottom of his pail scarcely covered with berries. When his mother asked him why he came back so soon, he said he had seen a big black snake among the bushes where he was picking, and he dared not stay there another minute.

13. "When Willie came home and they asked him what he had seen in the field, he said he hadn't seen anything strange, except swarms of beautiful butterflies."

"'No snake?' asked Mr. Ames.

14. "Willie laughed, and said, 'I told Tom there wasn't any. I went right over and looked among the bushes where he had been picking, and there was none. I nearly filled my pail there.'

15. "Tom thought there was something queer

about his mother's manner when he returned, and in a very short time he found out the reason. Willie, who had come home with his pail heaped with beautiful huckleberries, went to New York with Mr. Ames, and the next day sailed with him for Europe.

16. "Mr. Ames said to Tom, on parting with him, 'There would be no sense in taking you, my boy. If I wished to go anywhere you would make objections.

17. "'I should like to go to Switzerland and see the Alps, but I don't see how I could if you were with me, for you would be very likely to come across a black snake on the road, and then back we should have to go. Your brother wouldn't see anything worse than butterflies.'"

18. Uncle Ezra told this story to George to try and cure him of his habit of seeing snakes where there are none. He agreed to give George a dollar to put into his bank-box every time he killed a snake, and he was to take a dollar out every time George ran away from one.

19. George came in from Mr. Crosby's, rosy and panting. He had been running.

"Well," said Uncle Ezra, "are your ears frozen, George?"

George laughed and said, "No, sir."

20. "You didn't get very badly bitten by the dangerous dog, did you?"

"No, sir."

"Have you got over your lameness?"

"Yes, sir."

21. Uncle Ezra counted out some silver pieces from his pocket-book and said, "Here's the money for the three snakes, George."

George took the silver and thanked him, and made up his mind that killing snakes was far wiser than running away from them.

pattern, a model.

objections, reasons against.

manner, behavior.

Alps, mountains in Switzerland.

What were George's excuses for not going on his errand ?

What did Uncle Ezra say to him ?

What did George then do ?

Tell Uncle Ezra's story.

What reward did George receive for "killing snakes?"

What good habit was George learning to form ?

Commit to memory :

We must always act the truth, think the truth and speak the truth.

LESSON XLII.

Newport, R. I.,

July 14, 1887

Dear Fred,

I wish you could see my aquarium. It is not a glass one like yours, to be kept in doors. It is in a deep hollow among the rocks on the shore.

I have five star-fish, two common ones and three Brittle Stars, a lot of mussels and some lovely sea-anemones. Nearly every day I go down to see them, and look for something new to put with them.

Yesterday a mussel caught a star-fish by one of his arms, and Mr. Star just dropped the arm off and walked away, as if he didn't mind it at all.

Did you ever try to count the spines on your sea-urchin? Papa says there are twelve hundred of them, and about a thousand feet. He says a sea-urchin's papa ought to be thankful that his children don't wear shoes.

We are all very happy here by the sea. We have gay times bathing. Is n't it fun to have the surf roll over our heads?

When you come to see me,
we shall have fine sport hunt-
ing for new things to add to
our aquariums.

Your friend,
George.

Let the pupils write this letter from memory.

*Copy these sentences and fill the blanks from the following
words : he, his, him, she, her, they, their, them.*

James has lost — hat.

Annie has written — words.

The children have said — lessons.

If Nellie tries, — can write very well.

When John fell, — hurt — arm.

Apple trees are beautiful when — are in bloom.

The swallows are here ; I hear — chirp.

Harry's papa gave — a pony.

LESSON XLIII.

swing'ing

wēa'ry

throāt

swāy'ing

mān'tles

mēs'sāge

drēar'y

pār'ple

crō'cus

The Bluebird.

I know the song that the bluebird is singing,
Out in the apple-tree where he is swinging.
Brave little fellow ! the skies may be dreary,
Nothing cares he while his heart is so cheery.

Hark ! how the music leaps out from his throat !
Hark ! was there ever so merry a note ?
Listen awhile, and you'll hear what he's saying,
Up in the apple-tree swinging and swaying.

Dear little blossoms down under the snow,
You must be weary of winter, I know ;
Hark ! while I sing you a message of cheer,
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here.

Little white snow-drop, I pray you arise !
Bright yellow crocus, come, open your eyes !
Sweet little violets, hid from the cold,
Put on your mantles of purple and gold !



Daffodils ! daffodils ! say, do you hear ?
Summer is coming, and spring-time is here.

LESSON XLIV.

prēs'entz	bēa'ver	chōōs'es
trow'el	wol'ver ine (wul-)	bīrch
wōōd'-cūt terz	ōp'pō šite	a void'
Can'a da	Chrīst'mas	crūshəd

A Four-footed Builder.

PART I.

1. "And which of your Christmas presents do you like best, Fred?" asked Aunt Kate.

"Oh, my tool-box, auntie!" cried Fred. "It is the best present I could have had, and I have been working like a beaver ever since I got it."

2. "Ah!" said Aunt Kate, "if you were a beaver you would not need any tool-box, my boy. The beaver has tools, and very good ones, but he does not carry them in either a box or a bag."

3. "What kind of tools are they?" asked Fred.

"A beaver's tools," replied his aunt, "are his teeth, his tail, and his paws. His teeth are sharp and strong. They can cut like a saw. His flat tail is as good a trowel as you can buy, and it never breaks.

4. "His fore-feet or paws do far better work than most people do with their hands. But it is hard to find out just how he uses his tools, for a very curious reason. He never works in the day.

5. "Once I spent three winters in Canada, far in the north, and there I learned a great many things about this wonderful builder.

6. "A beaver lives in the home of his parents till he is two or three years old. Then he is grown-up. He takes a mate, and builds a home for himself. He first chooses a pleasant place on the bank of a clear stream or creek.

7. "'This will do,' he says. 'Here are trees, and here is water; and what more do we want? The stream is low now, but if we build a dam we shall always have plenty of water about our house, and the wolverine will never be able to come in and catch us. Then, too, that will make it easy for us to swim out and get food. And so let us build our dam.'

8. "Both beavers are soon at work cutting down trees. Curr! curr! curr! go their sharp teeth, gnawing away at the stems of some birch-trees three or four inches thick. Several of these are soon cut down, but a very large willow-tree, fully twelve inches thick, stands opposite where the dam is to be.

9. "The beavers now work upon this tree and soon it is nearly cut through. Crack! crack! it comes down, falling just across the stream. Quick as a flash the little wood-cutters spring to one side, to avoid being crushed beneath it."

10. "Isn't it strange, Aunt Kate, that they know where the trees will fall?"

"It is, Fred. Let me tell you what next is done. The beavers cut up the trees which have fallen, into logs about three feet long. When enough logs are cut, they build the dam.

11. "The big tree that fell across the stream is the beginning of it. The beavers push the logs among its boughs, and then place mud between. Then they put on more logs and more mud, until the dam is high enough."

wolverine, a small fierce animal
found in Canada.

trowel, a tool for spreading
mortar.

avoid, to keep from.

chooses, selects.



LESSON XLV.

dūr'ing
de sêrve'

round'əd
græss'-rōōts

chiēf'ly
plás'ter

re páir'
lōdge

A Four-footed Builder.

PART II.

1. "How many logs does it take to build a dam?" asked Fred.

"Ah! that depends on the size of the dam," said Aunt Kate. "A dam is sometimes two or three

hundred feet long, ten or twelve feet thick at the bottom, and several feet high.

2. "Hundreds and hundreds of logs would be needed to build such a dam. But the big dams have taken a great many years to build. I believe that



some dams are a thousand years old, and the beavers have kept them in repair, from year to

year, during all that time.

3. "Look at the dam in the picture. A beaver is at work on the top of it. It is not very large. I have seen much larger ones. But even a small one would need a good many logs and sticks."

4. "I should think," said Fred, "their teeth would be all worn away by so much gnawing."

"No," said Aunt Kate, "the beaver's teeth, as well as those of rats, squirrels, and all other gnawing animals, grow as fast as they wear away."

5. "But let me go back to the dam. Day by day the builders make it higher and higher, and stronger and stronger. At last it keeps the water from flowing away, and makes a lake, as you see in the picture. Then it is high enough."

6. "'There,' say the beavers, when all is done, 'we have worked well, and there can be no better dam in the world than ours. To-night we'll begin to build our house. It is warm enough now, but winter will soon be here, and before frost comes we must have a roof over our heads.'"

7. "And so, at night, as soon as it's dark, they set to work to build their house, or 'lodge,' as it is called."

"What do they build it of, auntie?" asked Fred.

8. "Chiefly of branches, grass-roots, mud, and moss," said Aunt Kate. "The branches are laid together and moss and grass-roots are stuffed between them. Then mud is used to plaster all together. The mud is pressed down and made smooth by the beavers' tails. And so the wall of the lodge is made."

9. "At last the lodge is roofed over with a layer of mud, often two or three feet thick. When this has been smoothed on the outside, the house looks like a mud-hut with a rounded roof. It is seven or eight feet high, and twice as wide across.

10. "The little builders next finish the inside. They flatten the mud and gnaw off the sticks that come through the floor, and soon, wonderfully soon, the lodge is as smooth and neat inside as out.

11. "Then, when all is done, they have a grand feast of juicy roots and bark and berries, and everything else that beavers like. I think they deserve it."

"And so do I," said Fred. "And now I know why people say they have worked 'like beavers.'"

chiefly, for the most part.

in repair, in good condition.

deserve, to be worthy of.

to plaster, to cover.

Write answers to the following questions in complete sentences.

What are a beaver's tools ?

For what does he use these tools ?

When does he work ?

How does he build a dam ?

How large is a beaver's dam ?

Tell how he builds his house, or "lodge" ?

Describe what you see in the picture.

LESSON XLVI.

grāpes	Săt'urn	cŭl'ti vāte	be liēved'
mōon	wōr'shippəd	pēŭ'ple	It'a ly

The Day Brothers.

1. I have a story to tell you of seven brothers and their odd names. You see them all once every week. No two of them ever visit you at the same time, for as soon as one comes another goes.

2. They always come in the same order, and they all stay just the same length of time.

3. You never hear them, for they come and go without any noise. Just as the clocks strike twelve at midnight, one goes out and another comes in.

4. The names of the brothers sound very queer, but you will not wonder at that, when I tell you that they are more than a thousand years old. Our great-great-grandfathers named the brothers.

5. The first of the seven is called Sunday, and was named after the sun, just as you are named James, perhaps after Uncle James; or your sister is named Annie, after mamma.

6. The next was named Moon-day, after the moon; but we do not call it exactly by that name now. We say Monday, which means Moon-day.

7. The third was called Tiwes-day. Long ago

people believed that strange beings lived in the clouds, or in the air, or among the stars, and that they would come to the earth, to help those who were in trouble.

8. The people of those days thought that these strange beings kept them from harm in battle, or helped them in hunting or farming. They called them gods, and believed them to be very much wiser and stronger than men.

9. It was thought that Tiw * helped soldiers in battle and gave them victory over their enemies. So one of the brothers was named Tiwes-day, as I told you. We write it Tuesday now, but our great-grandfathers spelt it Tiwes-day.

10. Another brother was called Wodin's-day, after Wodin, who was said to be the wisest of all the gods. When we say Wednesday, it means Wodin's-day.

11. Wodin had a son called Thor, and the people named the fifth brother after him, Thor's-day; or as we say now, Thursday.

12. Wodin's wife was named Frig-ga, and it was from her that the next brother was named. Our grandfathers said Frig-ga's-day, but we say Friday, which is shorter and easier to say.

13. The last brother was called Saturn's-day.

* Pronounced Tū.

Saturn was another of the gods that people worshipped long ago. They thought that he once came and lived on the earth.

14. He chose the beautiful land of Italy for his home. The people were kind to him. In return he taught them how to cultivate the land, and raise grain and grapes and figs and apples.

15. No wonder that people named one of the days after him. We say Saturday now, but long ago everybody said Saturn's-day.

And here ends my story of the seven brothers and their odd names.

worshipped, treated with divine honor.
to cultivate, to till the land.

Who are the Day Brothers? How often does each visit us and how long does he stay?

Who named the days? From whom are they named?

Write the story of Pete from the following statements:

Pete was a black lamb.

Pete came into the house.

A looking-glass hung against the wall.

Pete shook his head and stamped his foot.

The lamb in the glass shook his head and stamped his foot.

Pete was angry. Crash! went the glass.

Pete's master came. Pete now stays in the pasture with the rest of the sheep.

LESSON XLVII.

stroked	knee'-būc kle	sād'dled
de tēr'mined	re spēct'	gēn'er al
būs'i ness	Rēv o lū'tion a ry	griēf
un fās'ten ing	Brit'ish	sō'ber ly

Pronounce *business*, bīz'nes.

Lord Cornwallis's Knee-buckles.

1. Have you ever heard about the Revolutionary War? It was fought between the British and the Americans more than a hundred years ago. I will tell you a true story of a little girl who lived at the time.

2. Her name was Anne Randolph, and she lived on a farm not far from Philadelphia. Her father and her two brothers had joined the American army. So Anne and her mother were left alone to take care of the farm.

3. Two years before this time Anne's father had given her a beautiful calf, as a pet. The two had become great friends. The young cow knew her little mistress, and always came to be stroked when Anne went into the field.

4. At one time during the war the English army was in Philadelphia. The soldiers, as they marched through the country, stole the wheat and corn of the farmers and took their horses and cattle.

5. One day the soldiers came to the farm of Mr. Randolph, and seized Anne's pet cow. They tied a rope to her horns and drove her away. Anne begged for her pet, and was in great grief, but her words had no effect.



6. It did not take long for Anne to think what she could do. She ran to the stable and saddled her pony, and then rode at full speed to see Lord Cornwallis, the general of the English army. It was a brave thing for a little girl only twelve years of age to do.

7. A soldier with his gun was marching back and forth in front of the place where the general was.

"What do you want?" he asked Anne, as she galloped up.

"I wish to see Lord Cornwallis," she said.

8. "What is your business with him?" said the soldier.

"I must see him; let me pass," replied the girl.

The soldier let her pass, thinking, no doubt, she had very important news to tell.

9. Lord Cornwallis and some of his friends were at dinner when little Anne rushed into the room.

"What do you want, my child?" said the general.

"I want my cow, sir. Your soldiers have taken her away, and I have come to get her. Oh, please sir, you must let me have her."

10. "And who are you, my little girl?" said the general, kindly.

"I am Anne Randolph, and I live three miles from here with my mother. Have you seen my cow, sir?"

11. "Have you no father or brothers?"

"Yes, sir, but they are in the army."

"In which army?"

"In the American army, sir."

"Oho! so they are rebels, are they?"

"Oh, yes, sir. We are all rebels about here, if you please, sir."

12. "And you are a bit of a rebel yourself?"

"Yes, indeed, I was born so."

The general threw back his head and laughed.

"And your cow is rebel too, I suppose."

"I think so, sir. She is the nicest cow that I ever knew."

13. The general and his officers laughed again. "Look here, my little rebel," he said, soberly, "don't you know that we are here to fight the rebels?"

14. "Yes, sir, but you are bound to respect our rights," Anne quickly answered, repeating words which she had heard a great many times. "Oh, sir," she continued, "I raised my cow myself. She has always been mine. She can't belong to you. I must have her. I would never steal your cow, sir," she said, proudly.

15. The general rose. "Come here, my child. I promise you that your cow shall be safe in your barn to-morrow; and here, take these," he said, unfastening a pair of silver knee-buckles. "Keep them to remember me by, and if the soldiers trouble your cow again, come to me at once."

16. Anne darted away. "Gentlemen," said the general to his officers, "this country is certain to be free with such determined little rebels in it as this."

17. The general kept his promise, and the next morning Anne's cow was once more safely housed in her own snug stable.

The buckles were kept, and are kept to this very day. One of Anne's grandchildren has them.

respect, have regard to.

grief, distress.

soberly, seriously.

stroked, rubbed gently.

Copy, and fill the blanks with the right words.

The —— War was carried on between the —— and the ——.

The British often stole —— and —— from the ——, and took their ——.

Anne Randolph owned a pet ——.

One day the —— came and —— the —— away. Anne —— her pony and galloped away to ——.

"What do you ——, my little ——?" said ——.

"Your —— have driven away my —— and I have —— to —— her."

"You shall —— her," said the —— kindly. "And my —— shall not —— you again; and here, —— these to —— me by."

Anne —— the silver —— and her —— have —— still.

Commit to memory :

Never leave till to-morrow that which should be done to-day.

LESSON XLVIII.

swal'lōws	tī'nī est	sīgn	whit'en
rēd'-cheeked	thrive	trāmp'ing	pīt'y
straw'ber ry	rūn'ner	dī'al	strān'gers
cōv'er let	mēl'lōw	be'twixt	pēlf

Strawberries.

1. Little Pearl Honeydew, six years old,
From her bright ear parted the curls of gold,
And laid her head on the strawberry bed,
To hear what the red-cheeked Berries said.
2. Their cheeks were blushing, their breath was
sweet;
She could almost hear their little hearts beat;
And the tiniest, lisping, whispering sound
That ever you heard, came up from the ground.
3. "Little friends," she said, "I wish I knew
How it is you thrive on sun and dew!"
And this is the story the Berries told
To little Pearl Honeydew, six years old.
4. "You wish you knew? and so do we.
But we can't tell you, unless it be
That the same kind Power that cares for you,
Takes care of poor little Berries, too.

5. "Tucked up snugly, and nestled below
Our coverlet of wind-woven snow,
We peep and listen all winter long
For the first spring day and the bluebird's song.
6. "When the swallows fly home to the old brown
shed,
And the robins build on the bough overhead,
Then from the mould, from the darkness and
cold,
Blossoms and runner and leaf unfold.
7. "Good children, then, if they come near,
And hearken a good long while, may hear
A wonderful tramping of little feet—
So fast we grow in the summer heat.
8. "Our clocks are the flowers; and they count
the hours,
Till we can mellow in suns and showers,
With warmth of the west wind and heat of
the south,
A ripe red berry for a ripe red mouth.
9. "Apple-blooms whiten, and peach-blooms fall,
And roses are gay by the garden wall
Ere the daisy's dial gives the sign
That we can invite little Pearl to dine.

10. "The days are longest, the month is June,
The year is nearing its golden noon,
The weather is fine, and our feast is spread
With a bright green cloth and Berries red.
11. "Just take us betwixt your finger and thumb,
And quick, oh, quick! for see! there come
Tom on all-fours, and Martin, the man,
And Margaret, picking as fast as they can.
12. "Oh, dear! if you only knew how it shocks
Nice Berries like us to be sold by the box,
And eaten by strangers, and paid for with pelf,
You would surely take pity and eat us yourself."
13. And this is the story the small lips told
To dear Pearl Honeydew, six years old;
When she laid her head on the strawberry bed,
To hear what the red-cheeked Berries said.

What did little Pearl Honeydew say to the strawberries?
Could they tell her how they lived upon sunshine and dew?
How did they say they spent the winter?
How did they know when to send out leaf and blossom and
runner?

What flowers come and go while the strawberries are
ripening?

Describe that time of the year when strawberries are in
their prime.

LESSON XLIX.

rūd'der	fān'ċi fūl	A'sī a	stōm'ach
ān'chōr	un strāppəd'	ō'a sīs	trāv'el lers
nā'vles	pāl-m-trees	Ar'ab	drēad fūl
cām'el	spār-k'ling	kneel	būr'den
dēs'ert	nōūr'ish es	com mänd'	grāte'fūl

Pronounce *Asia*, ā'shī ā ; *stomach*, stūm'ak.

The Ship of the Desert.

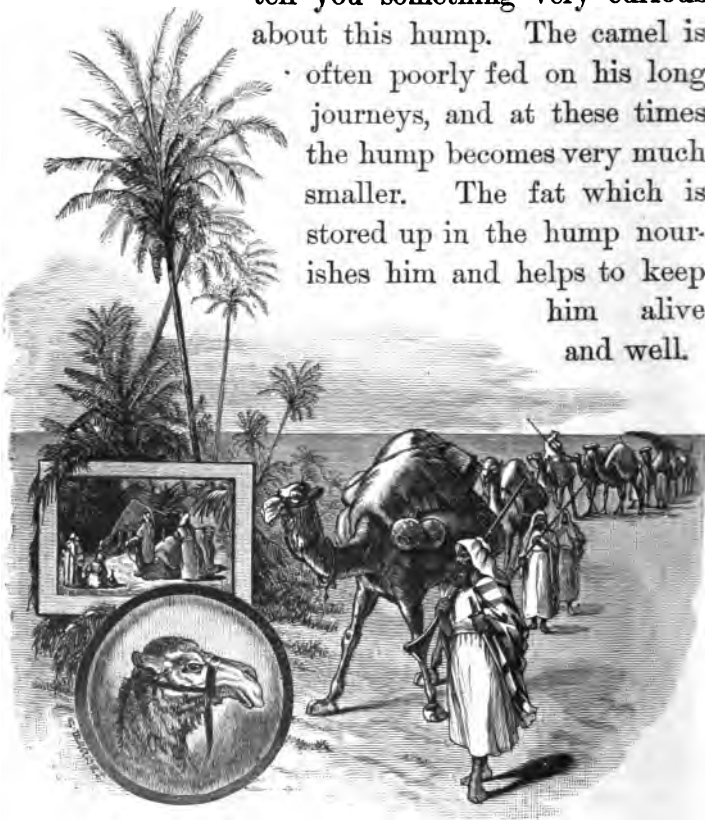
1. Now listen, all good children, and you shall hear the story of a ship. It is a very strange ship. There is none like it in all the navies of the world. It has no masts, no sails, no rudder or anchor. Stranger still, it does not go on the water, but on the land ; and, strangest of all, it is alive.

2. It is called the "Ship of the Desert." But this is only a fanciful name. The "Ship of the Desert" is the camel.

3. The camel lives in the hot and sandy countries of Asia and Africa, where there are great deserts, all sand, sand, sand, for hundreds of miles, without a blade of grass, or a tree, or anything green to be seen.

4. People often have to cross these deserts to get from one part of the country to another ; and they never could do it without the camel. That is why he is called the "Ship of the Desert."

5. He is a big fellow, and no one would call him handsome. On his back is a hump. I can tell you something very curious about this hump. The camel is often poorly fed on his long journeys, and at these times the hump becomes very much smaller. The fat which is stored up in the hump nourishes him and helps to keep him alive and well.



6. Another wonderful thing about the camel is his foot. The sole of it is a broad pad or cushion, something like that on the foot of a cat, but very

much larger. This keeps him from sinking into the sand.

7. The camel can carry a weight of six hundred pounds, or even more; so the Arabs pile their bundles and bales, boxes and bags, on his strong, patient back, till he looks like a moving mountain.

8. He does not mind this, however. He kneels down and puts his head on the ground, while his master piles up the load and fastens it well. Then, at the word of command, he rises again, gives himself a shake to make sure that all is right, and then he is ready for his long journey.

9. Before starting his master lets him drink all the water that he wants. And so wonderfully is the camel made, that he can drink five or six gallons of water at a time, and carry it in his stomach for many days, so that he does not need to drink again for nearly a week.

10. Sometimes, when the desert journey is very long, and the water that the travellers have brought with them is all gone, some of the camels have to be killed, and the water taken from their stomachs, to save their masters' lives.

11. We hope nothing so dreadful will happen to the good fellow in the picture and his companions, but that before many days they will come to an oasis. There they will find water; for an oasis is

a little green spot in the sea of sand, with one or more springs of water, under a group of palm-trees.

12. Here the travellers will rest. The heavy burdens will be unstrapped from the patient backs, and then the good camels will lie down and roll on the ground, and drink of the sparkling water; then roll again, and stretch out their great hairy limbs in the grateful shade of the palm-trees, and go to sleep thinking, "What a pleasant thing it is to be a camel, to be sure!"

13. But, after all, don't you think you would rather be a little boy or girl, and live in the United States, far away from the sands and the thirst of the desert?

nourishes, feeds, supports.

burden, load.

rudder, an instrument by which a ship is steered.

anchor, a heavy iron to hold a vessel at rest in the water.

Arabs, natives of Arabia.

grateful, delightful.

What is the camel sometimes called?

Where does he live?

What is he used for?

State from the following points how the camel is specially fitted for this use?

Strong; Can endure; Docile; Stores up food and drink; Has cushions on feet.

Where on a journey do camels stop to rest?

What is an oasis?

LESSON L.

flān'nel	mēt'alz	steel	grind'stōne
smōth'ered	brāss	strānds	quar'relsōme
erēct'	pre tēnd'ed	tight'ly	sōl'i tūde
of fēnce'	pēr'fect	might'y	cōmbad

Quarrelsome Company.

1. A pin, bright and shining, with a neat and well-shaped head, stood erect on the pretty white pin-cushion. It looked at a needle, which the nurse had just stuck into the cushion, with a long train of white thread flowing from it.

2. "Welcome to Pintown, Friend Needle!" said the pin. "It is some time since I have seen any of your family."

3. "Why, yes," said the needle. "We have all been very busy, as usual; and when we leave off work, we are only too glad to go to bed in our comfortable needlebook."

4. "Give me a good soft flannel blanket when I am tired," he added. "I wonder how you can ever sleep, standing straight up all night. I should think you would be tired to death. Though, to be sure, you don't take as much exercise as I do."

5. The pin looked displeased. "Give me fresh air," he replied. "I could not bear to be smothered

in flannel. And as for work, I'm sure I do quite as much as you. I have spent the whole day in keeping the nurse's dress fastened together, and that was hard work, I can tell you."

6. "Well," said the needle, "I have just sewed the button on for her, so you will not have that to do again."

7. "Really, my dear Needle," said the thread, "I don't know that you would have been of much use without me. I certainly thought that I fastened those buttons on."

8. "Oh, well," said the needle, "of course everybody knows that we work together; my good Thread, I meant no offence to you."

9. "Exactly," said the pin. "Neither of you can do anything without the other. Now, I need no help from anybody, as I have a head on my shoulders."

"Oh, yes!" said the needle; "a head with no eye in it. I had rather have an eye with no head."

10. "Needle," said the pin, "you are very rude. You seem to forget that I am made of two metals, and that fourteen different things had to be done to make me just what I am."

"Oh, indeed!" cried the needle, sharply. "And what are those things, pray?"

11. "We are made," replied the pin, proudly, "of

fine brass wire. First it is straightened, and cut into pieces just long enough to make two pins. Then both ends of each piece are pointed. They are first ground on a rough grindstone and then on a smooth one. Next, very fine wire is twisted together to make our heads."

12. "I thought," said the needle, looking slyly at the thread, "that heads grew. Thread, have you ever heard of heads being made?"

13. The pin pretended not to hear, and went on. "Then the heads are heated red-hot, and afterwards put into cold water; then shaped, and fastened to our bodies. Finally we receive our beautiful coating of shining tin, and after that are neatly arranged in our green and pink papers, perfect pins."

14. "Mighty fine!" cried the needle. "And a great deal of fuss, certainly, about very little. As I am made of one single piece of the finest steel, I need no cheap tin finery to make me bright."

15. At this the pin looked displeased; and the thread was greatly afraid that the two would quarrel. So she began to say something about herself.

16. "I am made," she said, "of no less than six fine strands of cotton twisted tightly together. You cannot imagine how many things have been done to make me as you see me now; and, indeed, I should tire you out, if I told you them all.

17. "First, you must know, I was snow-white cotton, grown in the sunny fields of the South. But, as you see, I have been combed and twisted with the greatest care ; and now——"

18. "Ah ! here is my needle !" exclaimed the nurse. "I could not think where I had put it. Come here, Master Tommy, and let me mend your jacket."

"And here is a pin !" cried Tommy ; "just what I want to keep my muffler together. Whew ! what a sharp one it is !"

19. The needle and pin were both taken away and the pincushion left quite alone. This pleased it well.

"Solitude," it said, "is very much better than quarrelsome company."

smothered, suffocated.

erect, upright.

offence, insult.

pretended, seemed.

strands, parts of a thread.

solitude, being alone.

Which does the most work, the pin, the needle, or the thread ? Tell why you think so.

What did the pin say of himself in paragraphs 10, 11, and 13 ?

What did the needle then say of himself ?

What did the thread say about herself ?

Just then what happened ?

What remark did the pin-cushion make ?

LESSON LI.

büt'ter cüps al'der pow'der y scär'let

Spring.

1. The little birds fly over,
 And oh, how sweet they sing!
 To tell the happy children
 That once again 'tis spring.
2. The alder by the river
 Shakes out her powdery curls;
 The pussy willows blossom
 For little boys and girls.
3. And buttercups are coming,
 And scarlet columbine;
 And in the sunny meadows
 The dandelions shine.
4. And just as many daisies
 As their soft hands can hold
 The little ones may gather,
 All fair in white and gold.
5. Here blooms the warm red clover,
 There peeps the violet blue;
 Oh happy little children!
 God made them all for you!

LESSON LII.

blüb'ber

slëdg'es

sçënt

sēal

hitch'es

fū'ri oūs

hār'ness

whāle'bōne

sūr round'

rein'deer

mūsk'ōx

Es'qui mau

Pronounce *Esquimau*, es'ki mo; *reindeer*, rān'deer.

Children of the Winter-Land.

1. Have you ever heard of a country where winter lasts nearly all the year through? This is Winter-land.

2. Some of the people who live in Winter-land are called Esquimaux. They are smaller than we are, and their skin is brown.

3. During their long winter they live in huts of snow with a piece of ice for a window. But when their short summer comes, the walls of the snow-huts melt a good deal, and the floors become damp and wet.

4. Then the Esquimau is glad to leave his hut and live in a tent. But the summer is short, and after a few weeks of tent-life, he must make a snow-hut again.

5. Does the Esquimau like his icy house? Yes, just as much as you like your home. How does he keep warm? In every hut there is a large lamp.

A great deal of whale fat or blubber is put into it and set on fire. It burns with a large flame and makes the hut very warm.



6. Often it is quite too warm, but the window of ice cannot be opened, and there is no chimney to let out the smoke. You could hardly breathe in such a place. But the Esquimau does not care for the smoke.



7. When a little Esquimau is able to walk, his mother makes him a coat and trousers, a hood, stockings, slippers, and a belt. These are made of reindeer skin or seal skin with the hair on. He looks very queer when all dressed up, but he keeps very warm.

8. What do the children in Winter-land do? Just what children everywhere do—play and work. But you must not think that they have the toys that you have. Their toys are few and easily made.

9. One of the very first toys that a little Esquimau has is a small bow and arrow. The bow is made of whalebone or wood. The arrow is sometimes pointed with a piece of sharpened bone; sometimes it is blunt.

10. The Esquimau boy is taught to use his bow while he is very young. Sometimes a piece of boiled meat, which he likes very much, is put up for him to shoot at. If he hits it, he is allowed to have it to eat.

11. The little Esquimau is fond of his bow and arrow; but he likes his puppies to play with better than anything else. In Winter-land there are no horses. Dogs are used instead. There are no carts or carriages. Instead of them the Esquimaux have sledges, which look something like your sleds. But the runners are made of bone instead of iron.

The sledges are pulled by from four to eight dogs. They run over the ice and snow very fast.

12. As soon as a little Esquimau boy is old enough he begins to play at driving dogs. His mother makes him a little dog-harness and a little whip like his father's. Then he harnesses his puppies, hitches them perhaps to the water-bucket, or anything else that will do for a play sledge, and drives them all round the room, and even out of doors when it is not too stormy.

13. When he gets older, he takes full-grown dogs, harnesses them to a real sledge and drives them over the snow. When he grows to be a man, he has become so good a dog-driver that he can manage a train of eight or more dogs.

14. Coasting down-hill is as great sport for Esquimau children as for you. But what do you think an Esquimau sled is made of? It is cut out of a block of ice. It is rather clumsy, but it runs very well, and is quite strong. The Esquimau boy does not want any better.

15. Sometimes he coasts without any sled at all. I will tell you how he does it. He seats himself on the top of the hill; then doubles himself up so that he looks like a great ball covered with reindeer hair. He now begins to roll down-hill. Over and over he goes, bumping along until he reaches the

foot of the hill, when he suddenly spreads himself out and almost instantly stops.

16. Another game in Winter-land is musk-ox hunting. The boys take some fresh musk-ox hides and two boys get under each. Then, covered up with the hides, they pass near the Esquimau huts so that the dogs may "scent" them.

17. At once the dogs begin a furious barking and rush out after the boy-oxen. The boys in the village follow, and soon surround them. The boys then shoot them with blunt arrows, and the dogs growl at them, as if they would tear them to pieces. By and by the dogs see that it is all a joke. Then the fun is over.

18. Is it not pleasant to know that the children of Winter-land, even with all the ice and snow and cold, have merry games and are happy?

blubber, the fat of whales.

scent, smell.

seal, a sea-animal.

reindeer, kind of deer liv-

musk-ox, a kind of ox found
in the Arctic Regions.

ing in cold countries.

furious, violent.

How does an Esquimau look ?

In what does he live ?

Describe the dress of an Esquimau boy.

Name some of the sports of Esquimau children.

What does the Esquimau use instead of horses ?

LESSON LIII.

dəub'led	Cape Hôrn	dī rēc' tion	de liv'ered
trēm'bles	Cāl lā'o	pōst'ōf fīce	dēs'o lāte
grōpes	cāp'tain	whāle	lōne'lī est
āl'ba tröss	strāit	Ma gēl'lan	spÿ'-glāss

Pronounce *Callao*, kāl-yā'o.

A Strange Post-Office.

1. We are in a ship bound from New York to Callao. It is a long voyage, but we have just doubled Cape Horn, and soon the coast of Chili will be in sight. There is a light breeze from the south-east. Every sail is set, and the ship is gliding merrily through the water.

2. The captain and mate talk together and look through a spy-glass toward the north and west. The sailors, too, put their hands above their eyes, and gaze in the same direction. Do they fear a storm? No, the sea is quiet, and the sky is clear.

3. On we speed, and at last we find out what the sailors are looking for. There it is! Only a barrel, swinging by an iron chain which is fastened to a great rock. But it is the Cape Horn post-office, at the western mouth of the Straits of Magellan.

4. What a curious post-office it is! There is not another like it anywhere in the world. The alba-

tross with its great white wings outspread hovers over it, and whales roll and spout, dolphins dart, and porpoises tumble in the dark waves about it, and from morning till night the sea beats upon the desolate rock to which it is chained.

5. The Cape Horn office is very unlike the post-office to which you go. It is never closed. Letters and packages may be received or delivered at any hour of the day or night.

6. When a ship comes near, as ours is now doing, if the weather is fair and the sea smooth, the sailors row to the office in a small boat. They open the barrel. There may be letters in it for some of them; and many a rough hand trembles, as it lifts the lid and gropes in the barrel for news of dear ones far away.

7. The letters are all looked over. The sailors take any that are for them or are intended to go in the direction in which their ship is sailing. They put into the barrel any that they may have written to be sent to the port from which they have come.

8. Then the little boat tossing on the waves returns to the ship. The vessel soon sails off, and leaves the lonely post-office far out of sight.

Weeks and weeks may roll by, and all that time the letters placed in that barrel will be swung to and fro and tossed up and down on the rough

waves, until some other vessel shall pass that way and carry the letters home.

Callao, a seaport in Peru.

doubled, sailed round.

gropes, feels about.

albatross, a large sea-bird.

spy-glass, a small telescope.

whale, the largest sea animal.

desolate, solitary, barren.

strait, a narrow passage of water.

direction, course, way.

Describe this queer post-office.

Where is it to be found ?

Has it any post-master ?

Who mails the letters ?

Who distributes them ?

What do you think of such an arrangement ?

Copy these sentences and fill the blanks with the proper words from the following list :

threw, through, hole, whole, meet, meat, their, there, haul, hall, not, knot, pane, pain, write, right.

John — his ball — the window.

A weasel crept through a — in the wall and killed a — brood of chickens.

I often — Nero carrying home some — for dinner.

The children may place — books —.

The men will — the lumber to build the new —.

I can — untie this —.

Harry cut his hand with a — of glass and the — was severe.

Most people — with their — hand.

LESSON LIV.

· rāpt'ūre (yar)
sēl'dòm

dawn
queen

doubt'ed
pōv'er ty's

māid
faith



Piccola.

Poor sweet Piccola! Did
you hear
What happened to Piccola,
children dear?
'Tis seldom Fortune such
favor grants
As fell to this little maid of
France.

'Twas Christmas time, and her parents poor
Could hardly drive the wolf from the door,
Striving with poverty's patient pain
Only to live till summer again.

No gift for Piccola ! sad were they
When dawned the morning of Christmas day
Their little darling no joy might stir ;
St. Nicholas nothing would bring to her.

But Piccola never doubted at all
That something beautiful must befall
Every child upon Christmas day,
And so she slept till the dawn was gray.

And full of faith, when at last she woke,
She stole to her shoe as the morning broke ;
Such sounds of gladness filled all the air,
'Twas plain St. Nicholas had been there.

In rushed Piccola sweet, half wild—
Never was seen such a joyful child—
“ See what the good saint brought ! ” she cried,
And mother and father must peep inside.

Now such a story I never heard !
There was a little shivering bird,

A sparrow, that in at the window flew,
Had crept into Piccola's tiny shoe.

"How good poor Piccola must have been!"
She cried, as happy as any queen;
While the starving sparrow she fed and warmed,
And danced with rapture, she was so charmed.

Children, this story I tell to you
Of Piccola sweet and her bird, is true.
In the far-off land of France, they say,
Still do they live to this very day.

Who was Piccola?
Why could not her parents give her a Christmas present?
Did Piccola expect any?
Tell the story of what happened.
What name do we give St. Nicholas?
Do the children in our country look in their shoes for
Christmas presents?

Copy the following:

John's writing is *good*. Harry's writing is *better* than John's. Nellie's writing is the *best*.

Write the above sentences, using *bad, worse, worst* in place of *good, better, best*.

Write sentences of your own, using *little, less, least; poor, poorer, poorest*.

LESSON LV.

shōul'derəd	gāl'lopəd	līn'gerəd	fōrge
mārchəd	sa lūt'ed	rēg' i ment	pārad
sōl'dier	mēas'ūred	colonel	un shōd'
bāt'tle fiēld	lāme'ness	vīc'to ry	sērve

Pronounce *colonel*, kūr'nel ; *soldier*, sōl'jer.

Doing His Best.

1. Luke Varnum was fifteen years old when many of the boys and all the men of the village in which he lived shouldered their guns in 1776, and marched off to war. Luke was lame ; so he was left at home. With a heavy heart, he saw the others march away. It was hard not to go with them.

2. Perhaps he thought bitterly of his lameness, and felt that one who could not be a soldier was of no use in the world. We shall see if he thought rightly.

3. The men had been gone an hour and a half, when three horsemen galloped up to the door of the village blacksmith's shop.

"Halloo !" said one, "is there any one here who can set a shoe ?"

"I think I can," said Luke. "I often tend the fire for Jonas, and have seen him do it."

4. Luke started up the bellows and soon had a

bright fire. He found a few nails which Jonas had left, and made two more himself. Just at this point a fourth horseman appeared, walking his horse slowly toward the shop.

5. "I see that you have found a forge," he said,



as the others saluted him. "It is well for my horse, for I could not ride her five miles further unshod."

6. Luke pared the horse's hoof and measured the shoe. He found it too large. He heated it white, and bent it to the proper size. Then he nailed it on, and, for pride's sake, used first the two nails which he had made himself.

7. "It isn't done very well, I know," he said. "but I have done my best, and I think the shoe will do."

"It will do very well," said the rider, "and without it my horse would be useless."

8. He then mounted his horse, and rode away with the soldiers; but one of them lingered a minute, and said to Luke; "Boy, no ten men can serve their country so well to-day as you have done. The rider of that horse is Colonel Warner."

9. When you read some day in big books of history how Colonel Warner reached the battle-field of Bennington with his regiment just in time to save the day, you must remember Luke Varnum.

He did what he could, and, although it was a little thing, yet it helped to gain a great victory.

saluted, greeted.

measured, took the size of.

lingered, waited.

shouldered, put upon the shoulder.

regiment, a body of soldiers commanded by a colonel.

victory, success.

forge, a blacksmith's shop.

pared, shaved off.

What "war" is meant here?

Between what two nations was this war carried on?

How did Luke learn to set a shoe?

What did the soldier say to Luke as he was about to ride away?

How was it true that Luke did more than ten men?

LESSON LVI.

war'whoop	trail	Ind'ian	mēd'i cīne
būf'fa lōes	rules	O'ma ha	hērbs
vic tō'ri oūs	chārgē	vī'tal	dīs o bey'
fleet'est	chiēf	un sūc gēs's'ful	gēn'er oūs

Pronounce *Indian*, Ind'yan ; *Omaha*, ō'ma haw.

An Indian Buffalo Hunt.

[Written by an Indian girl of the Omaha tribe.]

1. It is a beautiful summer morning, and the sun is just rising on the quiet camp of the Omaha Indians.

2. The tents form a great wide circle with one opening in it, and in the middle of the circle is the Holy Tent. Nobody lives in this, but a bag of things held sacred by the Indians is kept in it. Each band has its own place in the circle, and must always keep that place. The Indians always camp in this way.

3. The blue smoke rising from the tents shows that the Indians are getting their breakfast. But the stillness is broken by a war-whoop and the cry, "Wa-thai."* There is a sudden stir all through the camp, and the Indians are pouring out from their tents.

* Pronounced Wah-thah'-ee.

4. On a high hill is seen one of the tribe on horseback. He is looking to see whether there are buffaloes near. All eyes watch for the expected signal—See ! there it is—a wave of a blanket, once,



twice, three times, and the joyful news flies through the camp that buffaloes have been found.

5. It takes the Indians only a few minutes to snatch their bows and arrows, and then away they go on their fleetest ponies. Soon they are out of

sight, and the rest of the camp has to follow more slowly.

6. In half an hour every tent is down, and the long train begins to move. The pack-horses carry the tent-cloths and the gayly painted packs, which are to hold the "*Ta*" or dried buffalo meat. The long tent-poles are fastened to the saddles, and trail on the ground behind. The riding ponies bear all the women and children and the few men who are left behind.

7. The hunters soon reach the high hill, and on looking down the valley, see the buffaloes two or three miles away, quietly grazing on the short "buffalo grass."

8. The Indians have rules in hunting, and no man, even if he be a chief, dares to disobey them. The hunter in charge divides the band into four parties, which are to surround the buffaloes.

9. Quickly but quietly they gain on the buffaloes, until within half a mile of them, when, with a great roar, the whole herd is off. What a dust they raise! and how fast they run! But the Indian ponies are not to be left behind. How true to the mark the arrows fly! The great buffaloes fall heavily to the ground.

10. A young hunter has picked out the king of the herd. He rides close up to him and draws his

bow, but quick as a flash the mad buffalo turns on horse and rider.

11. Two other Indians are as quick as the buffalo, and both send their arrows whistling through the air. The buffalo drops dead, but the horse of the young hunter is taken back to the camp torn and bleeding.

12. But which one of his two friends has killed the buffalo? for both wounded it. The other Indians ride up to decide the question, and it is decided very soon.

13. All they have to do is to examine the arrows, for every Indian always marks his own arrows; and the arrow which has touched a vital spot is the one that has killed the buffalo. So the buffalo belongs to the owner of that arrow; but the Indians are always generous, and the victorious hunter shares with his unsuccessful friend.

14. It is a joyful party which goes back to the Indians who were left behind in the morning, and who are now camped in a place where there is plenty of wood and water.

15. All are very happy, but when the wounded horse is brought into camp, they gather around with sorrow in their faces. The old medicine-woman comes forward with her herbs, and the horse is given into her care.

16. Night comes, and the Indians who could not take part in the hunt all gather around the blazing camp-fires to listen to the hunters, as they tell the story of the chase.

war-whoop, the cry uttered

by Indians in war.

buffalo, a kind of wild ox,

found among the Rocky

Mountains, but rapidly

becoming extinct.

chief, a leader.

vital spot, that on which

life depends.

generous, free to give.

fleetest, swiftest.

victorious, successful.

Describe the buffalo hunt from the following heads :

Signal given. Departure of the hunters. Division of band. The attack. Death of the king of the herd. The victorious hunter. The return of the hunters.

Fill the blanks with words that tell something done by each of these things.

Gold ———.

Light ———.

Stars ———.

Lightning ———.

Leaves ———.

Icicles ———.

Diamonds ———.

LESSON LVII.

slip'pers	heärth	dréamed	mount'ed
ä'pron	bäre'fööt	còm'fort a ble	míd'dáy
mís'chiev oüs	nä'ked	stéam'ing	sín'gle
shél'tered	tër'ri bly	fän'ciéd	géased

Pronounce *mischievous*, mĭs'che vus ; *apron*, a'purn.

The Little Match Girl.

1. It was terribly cold. The snow was falling fast, and it had already become quite dark when evening came on—the last evening of the year.

2. In the cold and darkness a little girl, bare-headed and barefoot, was walking through the street. When she left home she certainly had slippers on. But they were very large ; her mother had worn them till then.

3. The little girl had lost them in running across the street where two carriages were going by very fast. One slipper could not be found again, and a mischievous boy ran away with the other. So now the little naked feet were blue and red with the cold.

4. In an old apron the girl carried bundles of matches, and held one bundle in her hand. No one had bought any matches from her all day, and no one had given her a penny.

5. Shivering with the cold she crept along. The snow-flakes fell thick on her long, fair hair; but she did not think of that now, for it was New-Year's eve, and through the windows she saw the bright lights and the fat roast goose on the tables. She thought how nice some goose would be.

6. In a sheltered corner formed by two houses she sat down. She drew up her little feet under her, but they grew colder every moment. She did not dare to go home; for she had sold no matches that day and had no money. Her father would certainly beat her.

7. Besides, it was bitterly cold at home. There was no fire on the hearth, the wind blew, and the snow found its way through many cracks in the roof and walls. The little girl's hands were almost benumbed with the cold.

8. Ah! a single match might warm them a little, if only she might draw one from the bunch and rub it against the wall, and hold her hands over the flame. She drew one out and rubbed it against the wall. It made a bright, warm flame. Hardly had it ceased to burn when the poor child, weary and cold, dropped asleep.

9. She dreamed; it seemed to her that she sat before a blazing fire. How brightly it burned! How comfortable it was! But the little girl awoke.

Her cheerful fire was gone. Only the burnt match remained ; and it was colder than ever.

10. Another match was rubbed against the wall. It gave a bright gleam, and when the light fell upon the wall it seemed to the child to become like a thin veil, and she could see through it into the room.

11. The table was set for dinner, and in the middle of the table a fine roast goose was steaming. But what was still more wonderful, the goose hopped down from the dish and waddled along the floor to the little girl, with a knife and fork in its breast.

Then again the match went out, and only the thick, cold wall was before her.

12. She lighted another match and fancied herself sitting under a Christmas tree. It was larger and far more beautiful than any she ever had seen through the windows. Hundreds of candles burned on its branches, and beautiful pictures hung upon it.

13. She stretched her hands toward the pictures, and the match went out. But the Christmas lights seemed still before her, and they mounted higher and higher, till she saw them as stars in the shining sky. One of them fell down and formed a long line of fire.

14. "Now," thought the little girl, "some one is

dying;" for her old grandmother, the only person who ever had loved her, and who was now dead, had told her that when a star fell down, a soul mounted upward to God.

15. She rubbed another match against the wall, and in the brightness the dear old grandmother stood clear and shining, sweet and beautiful.

16. "Grandmother," said the child, "oh! take me with you. I know you will go when the match is burned out." And she hastily rubbed the whole bunch, for she wished to keep her grandmother there.

17. The matches burned with such a glow that it seemed even brighter than at midday. Grandmother never had appeared so beautiful. She seemed to the shivering child to take her in her arms and fly with her up, up amid the brightness, far above the earth, where there was neither hunger nor cold nor care.

18. The sun of New-Year's morning shone bright upon the little match girl still leaning against the wall. But she was frozen to death. The burnt match-ends were by her side.

19. "Poor thing!" the people said, "she tried to warm herself." But nobody guessed what beautiful things she had seen, nor in what brightness she had gone to keep the New Year in heaven.

LESSON LVIII.

this'tle
puffed
score

mān'tal
plūcked
flight

out sprēad'
āsh'tree
rām'ble

Seeds with Wings.

1. One day a little girl was walking across a field and gayly singing to herself,

“Neither you nor I—none of us know
How oats, peas, beans and barley grow!”

Looking down at her feet she saw the stem of a dandelion that had gone to seed. She stooped and plucked it.

2. “I should like to know,” she said, “if my mother wants me.” Then she blew hard upon the head of the stem, and away went a score of the little seeds, floating off on the wind as though they were tiny birds with downy wings.



3. When Maggie reached home, she said, "Mother, do you want me? The dandelion said so."

"Ah," said her mother, smiling, "I remember, when I was a little girl, that I used to blow upon the downy head of the dandelion to see if my mother wanted me."

4. "Don't the seeds look funny," said Maggie, "after you have puffed them off from the stem? They go flying along through the air, as if they did not know where to go. What makes them fly, mother?"

5. "Why, the seeds have wings, Maggie. Pick a seed from the top of a dandelion stem, and look at it. You will see that some tiny threads of silvery down are fastened to it. We call these its wings.

6. "Of course they do not flap like those of a robin, or buzz like those of a bee. But, like the wings of a bird or a bee, the down helps the seeds to fly through the air. A puff of wind will carry them up as high as a house, and then away they go far from the spot where they grew.

7. "The seeds of the dandelion have been carried on their tiny wings from land to land, and even across the seas, so that the fields of every country in the world are dotted in spring with its golden flowers."

8. "Are there any other seeds that fly, mother?"

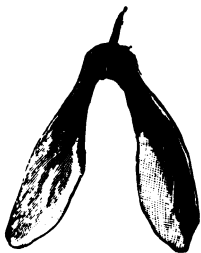
"Oh yes; don't you remember the thistle blossom that you picked last year and hung up over the mantel? One day, you were looking for something, and happened to touch the dried thistle. Out flew the downy seeds and alighted on your new woollen dress. It took quite a time to pick them off.

9. "The seeds of the milkweed, Maggie, have larger and prettier wings than those of the dandelion. They shine like the whitest and brightest of silk.

10. "In the autumn the seeds ripen and the pods in which they are nestled burst open. Look at them some day when they are shaken by a breeze. Out of each pod the seeds go like a hundred birds out of one nest. The air is bright with their wings of silk.

11. "The seeds of the dandelion, the milkweed and many others have white wings. But there is a kind of maple tree which has seeds with scarlet wings. They are just as bright as any rose.

12. "Soon after the blue birds come in spring the red buds of the maple burst. The flowers come first and then the seeds; and the tree is all covered with scarlet wings. In a very few days you may see some taking their flight.



Pick one up and you will see how much it is shaped like the out-spread wings of a bird.

13. "Some day, when you ramble through the fields, pick the seeds of the dandelion, the thistle, the milkweed, and maple, and those too of the ash tree and the elm. See how different they all are one from another, and how beautiful each one is.

14. "And do not forget that it is God who gives the seeds their pretty wings, that they may fly through the air and plant themselves here and there to make the earth pleasant for your eyes to look at."

score, twenty.

taking flight, flying.

mantel, shelf over a fireplace.

ramble, take a walk.

Name some plants whose seeds have wings.

What is the use of such wings?

Complete these sentences by filling the blanks with the proper words.

—— glitters.

—— flickers.

—— twinkle.

—— flashes.

—— rustle.

—— glisten.

—— sparkle.

LESSON LIX.

The Child's World.

Great, wide, beautiful, wonderful World,
With the wonderful water round you curled,
And the wonderful grass upon your breast—
World, you are beautifully dressed!

The wonderful air is over me,
And the wonderful wind is shaking the tree;
It walks on the water, and whirls the mills,
And talks to itself on the tops of the hills.

You, friendly Earth, how far do you go,
With the wheat-fields that nod and the rivers
that flow,
With cities, and gardens, and cliffs, and isles,
And people upon you for thousands of miles?

Ah! you are so great, and I am so small,
I hardly can think of you, World, at all;
And yet, when I said my prayers to-day,
A whisper within me seemed to say:
"You are more than the Earth, though you're
such a dot:
You can love and think, and the Earth cannot!"

Learn this poem by heart.

MEMORY-GEMS.

In the sun, the moon, the sky ;
On the mountains wild and high ;
In the thunder and the rain ;
In the grove, the wood, the plain ;
In the little birds that sing ;
God is seen in every thing.

If wisdom's ways you wisely seek,
Five things observe with care :
To whom you speak, of whom you speak,
And how, and when, and where.

He prayeth best who loveth best
All things, both great and small ;
For the dear God who loveth us,
He made and loveth all.

My fairest child, I have no song to give you ;
No lark could pipe to skies so dull and gray :
Yet, ere we part, one lesson I can leave you
For every day.

Be good, sweet maid, and let who will be clever ;
Do noble things, not dream them, all day long ;
And so make life, death, and that vast forever
One grand, sweet song.

LESSON LX.

ăn'gry	mîs'chief	mên ág'e rie	keep'ers
grunts	făsh'ion	rôar'ing	be yônd'
In'dî à	côm'i cal	lăugh'a ble	wîl'ful
Mă lâys'	jûn'gle	ô'ver seer	străyed

Pronounce *menagerie*, men āzh'e rî.

The Wise Beast.

1. The elephant is the largest and strongest animal that lives on land. He is much larger than the ox, or the horse. He lives in Asia and Africa. When tamed he is found to be very wise.

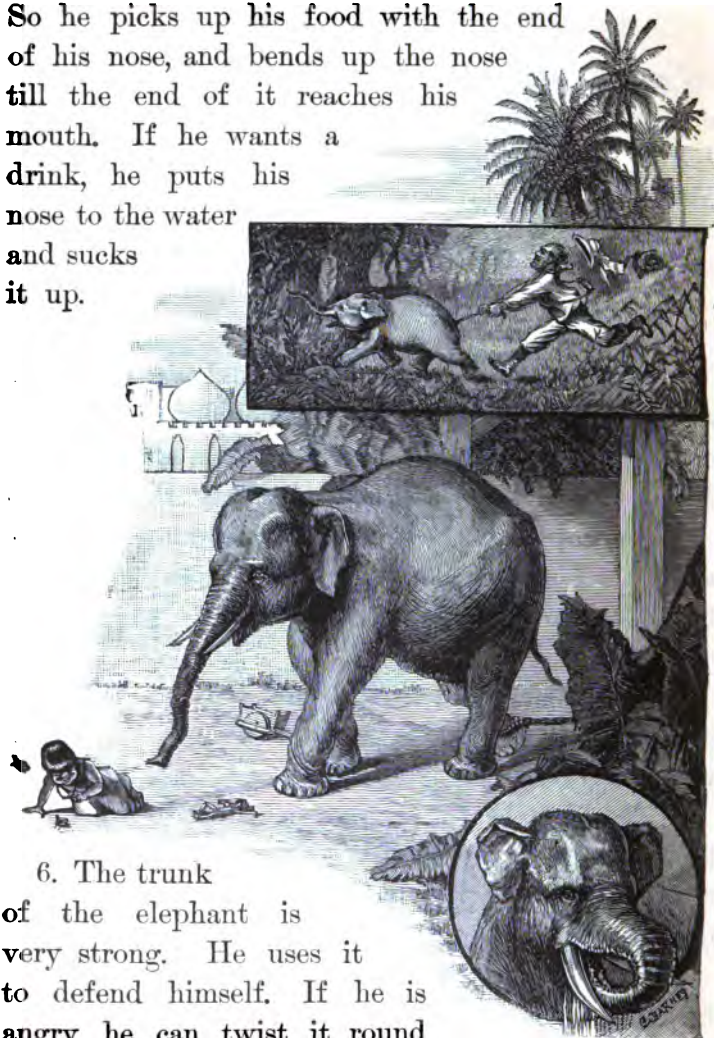
2. Perhaps you have seen elephants in a menagerie. If so, you know that they may be taught to dance, to sit up at a table, and to play many odd tricks.

3. But the elephant will not only amuse boys and girls. He is willing to do hard work, and it is wonderful how useful a servant he is to man.

4. Most of the things that men do, they do with their hands. Just think of doing things with your nose! But that is what the elephant does. His nose is more than a yard long. It is called a trunk.

5. His neck is short, and his head is high up from the ground. He cannot bend down, as sheep and cows do, to reach the grass with his mouth.

So he picks up his food with the end of his nose, and bends up the nose till the end of it reaches his mouth. If he wants a drink, he puts his nose to the water and sucks it up.



6. The trunk of the elephant is very strong. He uses it to defend himself. If he is angry, he can twist it round a man's body and squeeze him to death.

7. In countries where he is tamed, you may see him bringing into the cities and towns huge bales of cotton or silk, heavy packages of tin, or great sacks of grain.

8. Among the Malays he is taught to lift large stones and even to build walls. When he has put up a layer of stones, he grunts to call the overseer to come and see if the work is done well.

9. In India he carries the hunters of the tiger; and he knows, as well as the men, what he is doing, and how he must act.

10. How do you think the elephant in the picture would do for a baby's nurse? One that lived in India used often to take care of his keeper's baby. The animal was chained to a post, while the child crept around on the ground.

11. It was wonderful to see how careful the elephant was not to let the baby go beyond his reach. If he thought the little thing was going too far, he quietly drew him back with his trunk.

12. The young elephant is a wilful fellow, and, besides that, he is very strong. A hunter tells a funny story about a young elephant which he tried to catch. The little fellow had strayed away from his friends and was running about, roaring, in true baby-fashion, for his mamma.

13. He was only three or four feet high. The

hunter said, "I'll catch that baby and take him home to tame." So he laid down his gun, and seized the elephant's tail.

14. Now began a comical race. The baby ran faster than ever. The hunter held on, but he could not stop him. Another man, seeing the fun, ran to help the hunter. He too caught hold of the tail; and now both the men were dragged over the ground as though they did not weigh a pound.

15. A third man appeared, and caught hold of the tail. But the elephant still ran on roaring at the top of his voice, and dragging after him all the three men. It was a laughable sight. The men at last were obliged to let go, and the baby elephant ran into the jungle to find his mother.

16. Big and wise as the elephant is, he is afraid of one animal. It is not the tiger. nor is it the mighty lion; it is the tiny mouse.

17. An elephant in a menagerie once came near doing a great deal of mischief all because of a little mouse. The mouse had escaped from its cage. Mice like to creep into holes.

18. The end of the elephant's trunk was resting upon the floor. "Here's a nice hole," said the mouse to himself. "It's just the place for me." So up the long nose of the elephant he crept.

19. In a moment the elephant was wild with

fear. He nearly broke his chain. The keepers did not know what to do. They thought the elephant had gone mad and that they would have to shoot him. Suddenly all was quiet again. The mouse had dropped from the elephant's trunk.

20. If you ever can go to a menagerie and see an elephant, do so; but be sure to be very kind to him; for if you are not, he knows well how to punish you, and he never forgets an unkindness.

grunts, makes a noise like a hog.

Malays, inhabitants of Malacca.

comical, laughable.

jungle, land covered with trees and thick brushwood.

menagerie, a collection of wild animals.

roaring, crying loudly.

overseer, one who superintends.

keeper, one who has the care of.

wilful, obstinate.

Describe the elephant.

Where is he found?

To what uses is he often put?

What does he work with?

Tell the story of the baby elephant.

Describe what you see in the picture.

Commit to memory.

A good name is rather to be chosen than great riches.

LESSON LXI.

săsh'es	hōōd'ed	lōōps
rib'bons	veins (vānz)	co cōōn'
mŭl'bēr ry	cōn tŭn'uəd	reeləd
bēads	pēa'nut	çēil'ing

How Silk is Made.

1. Do you ever think, children, when you put on your sashes and ribbons, that the glossy, beautiful silk is made by a *worm*? Some of you may have seen silk-worms, but many do not know what an interesting story their little life makes.

2. Last winter a friend of mine sent me a tiny package of what looked like little gray seeds, or beads. These were silk-worms' eggs. I had to keep them very cold till the mulberry trees put out their leaves. Then I put the eggs in a warm place. In a day or two there were hundreds of tiny little creatures crawling out from them.

3. At once they began to eat the mulberry leaves which I gave them. Day after day they ate and grew, until they were as large as my little finger, and longer.

4. We were all kept busy feeding them. In a few moments they would eat up all the soft part of a leaf and leave nothing but the stem and veins.

5. But one morning they did not seem so hungry. They wandered about, and climbed on the pieces of straw that I had put into their box.

6. In a little while many of them began to spin the most beautiful silken threads that looked like those of a spider's web. Back and forth, over and



over, in loops like a figure 8, went their queer "hooded" heads. By and by each one could be seen inside a silken shell of golden yellow and about the

size of a peanut.

7. The worms continued to spin till the shells were too thick for us to see through; but we could hear their little "click, click, click," as they worked away inside.

8. At last the work was done. I wish you could have seen the room when we gathered the cocoons, which is the proper name for the peanut-shaped homes of the silkworm. Along the ceiling, behind the curtain, on papa's desk, in the baby's rubber, everywhere were cocoons. Many were also hanging, like pretty birds' eggs, to the straws.

9. And now the worms must be killed in their silken shells, if you wish to use their silk. If they are allowed to live, they will break the delicate threads. Their home has no door. They must bite a hole through its walls, when they wish to come out. Some we allowed to live; and out of these after a few days came beautiful white moths, not at all like the ugly worms.

10. From the cocoons in which we killed the worms, we reeled the delicate threads from which silk is made. Is it not indeed a curious story?

hooded, hood-shaped.
veins, branches.

reeled, wound upon a frame.
ceiling, top of the room.

From what do we get silk?

Tell what you can about the silk-worm.

When the cocoon is finished what must be done to the worm? If the worms are not killed what will happen?

What is the shape and color of the cocoon? How is the silk obtained from the cocoon?





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